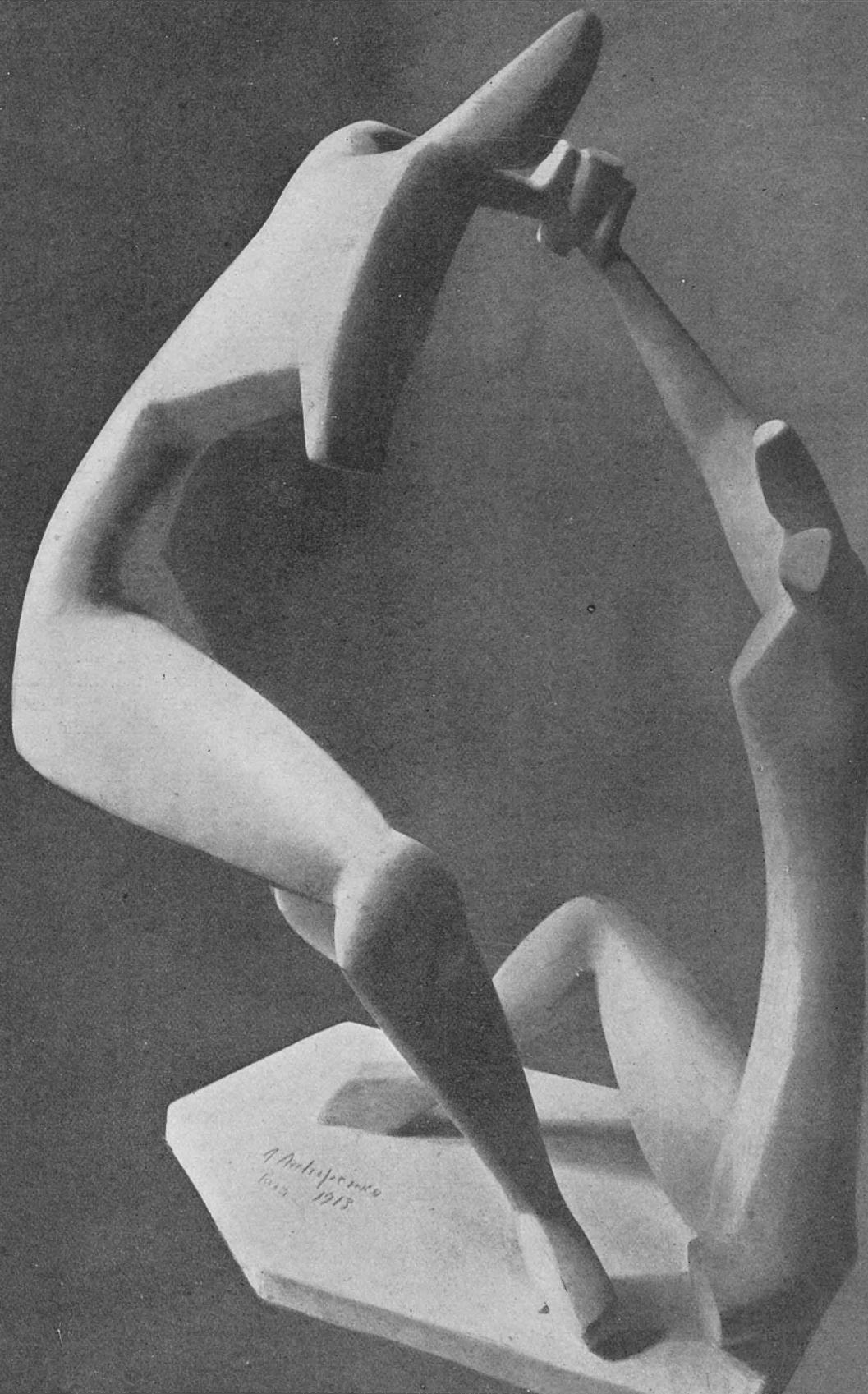


The Sketch

No. 1083.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

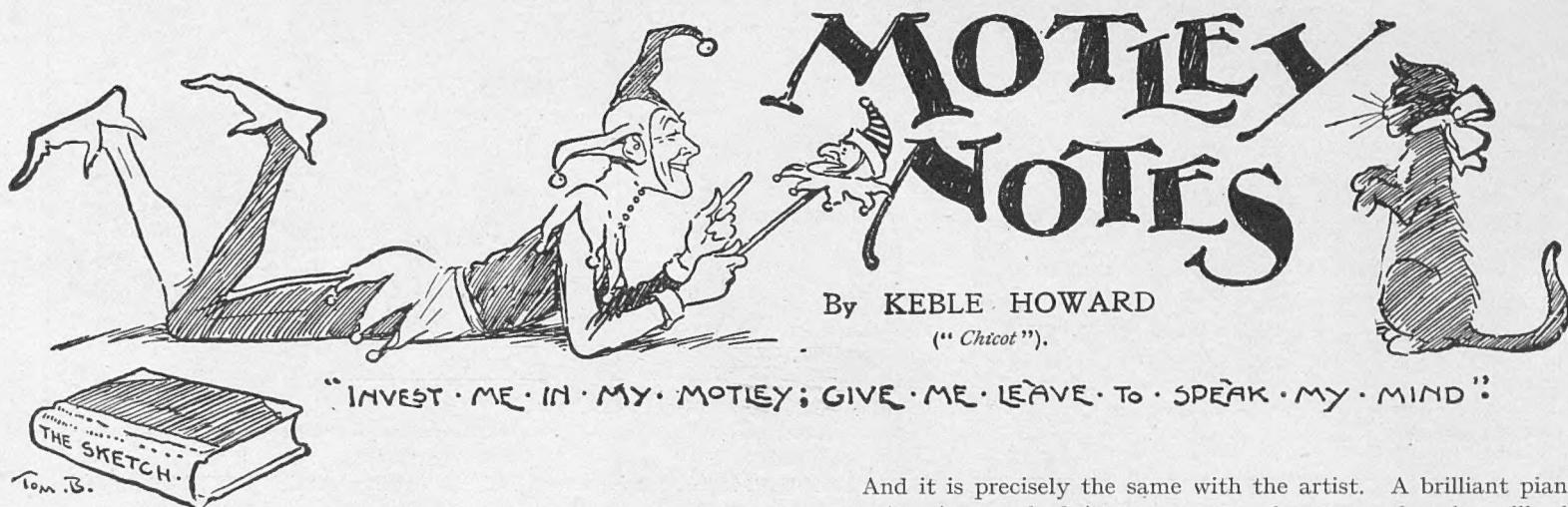


Laseilles

SHALL WE SEE THIS IN OUR STREETS IF THE PRESENT STATUES ARE VEILED, ACCORDING TO MR. BIRRELL'S PROPHECY? "THE DANCE"—A FUTURIST SCULPTURE BY A. ARCHIPENKO.

When unveiling a statue recently, Mr. Birrell prophesied that one day there might be, instead of such ceremonies, the elaborate and public veiling of statues!

Can it be that when this happens our streets will see such works as that illustrated above?



Economics and the Artist. "Mr. Shaw advocated a kind of artistic compromise. They were to do on Tuesday or Wednesday 'the kind of thing to keep them alive in a poor way for the week,' and on Thursday and Friday 'some good work.' 'That is the only possible way,' said the mentor, 'under existing conditions. Then you may struggle out from the ruck if you have talent.'"—REPORT IN THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Mr. Shaw is one of those unfortunate people who are never allowed to be serious. Whatever he says or whatever he does, the public greets him with shrieks of merriment. It began doing this to be on the safe side; now it has got into the habit of it. Mr. Shaw, naturally enough, resents this attitude. He is desperately anxious to be taken seriously when he has something serious to say. That is why he implores his audiences not to howl with laughter at every line in his plays. An earnest man, with a genuine desire to reform the world a little, grows very tired of these hilarious receptions of his most thoughtful efforts.

Yet the public laughs on, for the public can be as cruel as thoughtless schoolboys. When Mr. Shaw, addressing the members of the Three Arts Club, said: "If you carry your work to the highest point probably you will be executed," he meant it. And it is true. But the audience simply rocked with laughter, thereby driving another nail into the speaker's scaffold.

The Safe Side. Yet the public is not by any means an ass. The public, in the long run, is always right. The run, sometimes, may be a very long one indeed, but the right verdict is at the end of it. I do not mean that the public should always laugh at Mr. Shaw, but I do see that there is a good deal of sound judgment in this laughter. The public always regards the extreme man with grave suspicion, and it has its own way of disarming him. It regards Mr. Shaw as rather a dangerous person, but it wants him to go on talking and writing in his brilliant way, and so it compromises by always laughing at him.

When I read the report of the address at the Three Arts Club, I was glad, for once, that the audience had laughed in the wrong places, because Mr. Shaw said some things that might have misled the young if they had taken him seriously. The passage I have quoted at the head of these Notes, however Mr. Shaw meant it, must not be taken seriously by any young artist, of whatever profession. No young artist, and no old artist, should attempt to do pot-boiling work on Tuesday and Wednesday, and good work on Thursday and Friday. The attempt is bound to end in failure, and failure means, in too many cases, a loss of power. It is bound to end in failure because there is no such thing as pot-boiling. I mean to say, there is no such thing as deliberate bad work for the artist. The artist can only do one kind of work—the work that he can do.

The Case of the Horse. Suppose Mr. Shaw had been addressing an audience of horses; would he have said: "You will not be able, at the outset, to pull your full strength all the time. Your best plan is to be a horse on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and a donkey on Thursdays and Fridays"? Even Mr. Shaw would not have said so wild a thing as that. He would have said: "You may not get credit for pulling your full strength, but, since you happen to be a horse, you must pull like a horse as long as you are in the shafts."

And it is precisely the same with the artist. A brilliant pianist may be given a bad instrument to play upon, but he will play beautifully because he cannot play in any other way. A brilliant draughtsman may draw pictures for pill-advertisements, but they will be brilliantly drawn because he cannot draw in any other way. A brilliant writer may select a crude theme for treatment, but he will treat it brilliantly because he cannot treat it in any other way.

Artists have often tried to imitate the bad work of their inferiors in the hope that they will thereby earn as much money as their inferiors; in every case they have failed. An artist has one line—his own line—and he cannot get out of that line, whatever he may place in his way as a stumbling-block. If it does not happen to be a popular line, so much the better or the worse for him, as the case may be, but that is his line as long as the working years remain to him. And the sooner he makes up his mind to keep his eyes steadily fixed on his own line, and to ignore the lines of his neighbours, however tempting they may look, so much the better for him.

Charles Brookfield. The death of Charles Brookfield leaves us very much poorer than the deaths of many men better known to the multitude. He was not only a delightful personality and a true humourist, but also a man who did not truckle for the sake of personal advantage. There is too much truckling in these days—too much walking delicately after the manner of King Agag. The discreet thing has taken the place of the impulsive thing, which makes for dullness and the flabby life. Brookfield's spirit and sense of humour would not allow him to forget that a fellow-man was only a fellow-man, and that the gulf between the ostentatious and the simple is so narrow that the angels cannot see it at all, and would probably be much amused if they were told about it.

There is one Brookfield story that I have always liked very much. I have not seen it in print. Brookfield was once stopped in the Strand by an angry person who said:

"I am told that, in the Green Room Club the other night, you spoke of me as a d—d scoundrel. Is that true?"

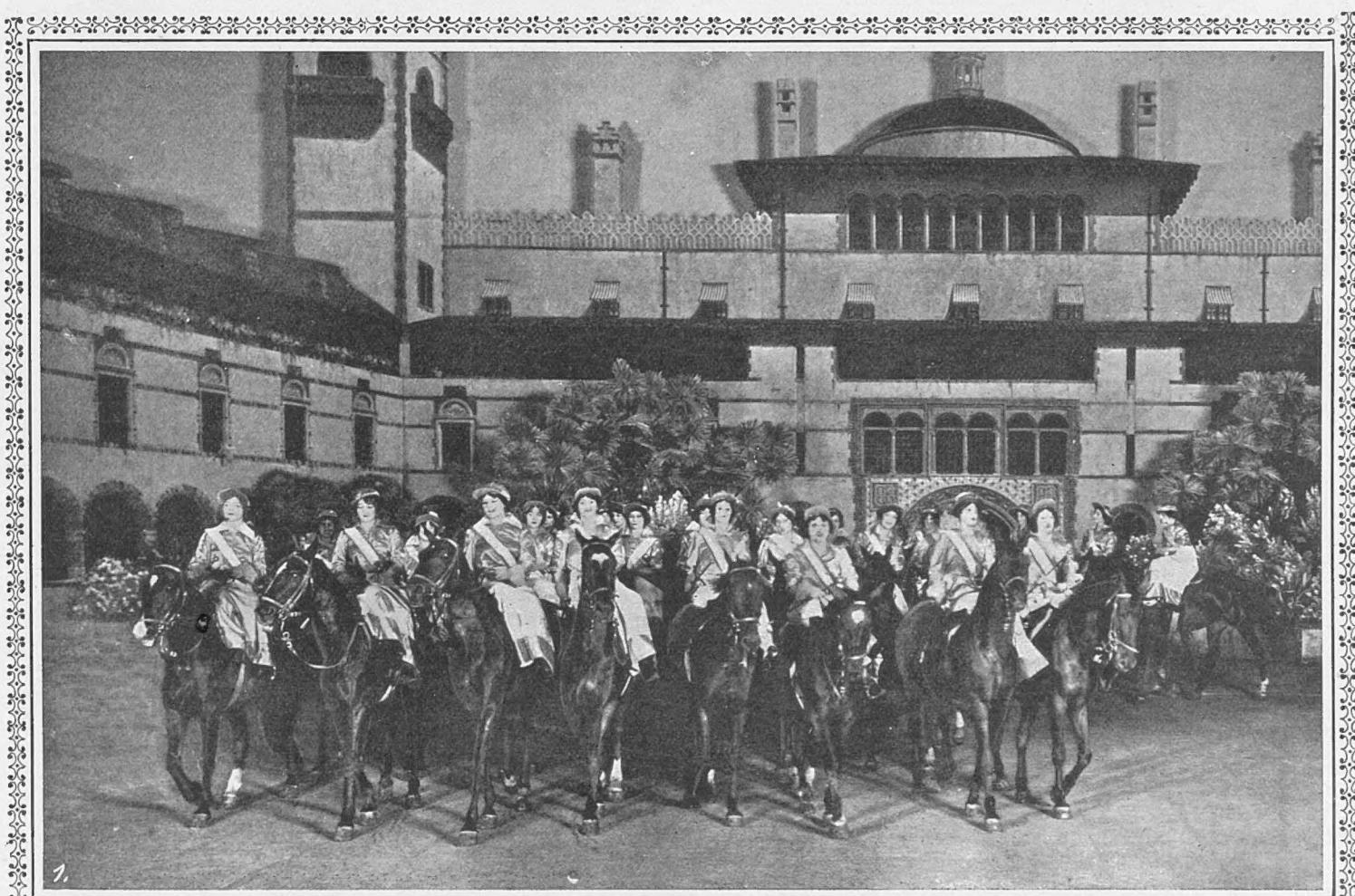
"Well," replied Brookfield, "I don't know who you are, but you certainly look it."

The Tragi-Comic Lions. Mr. Filson Young, whose "Things that Matter," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, add nightly to the pleasure of the lazy hour before dinner, wrote the other day: "I am sorry the Leipzig lions were shot."

We all, I think, felt angry with the stupid policemen who insisted on shooting those poor lions. They were such delightful lions, and they did such beautifully comic things. The one that mounted a motor-omnibus and perched himself on the driver's seat was a great favourite, but our affections went out with a rush to the other that entered the hotel, walked upstairs, and knocked at the door of a commercial traveller. This was such a gentle lion that the commercial traveller mistook him for a calf! Poor lion! Silly, blundering policemen!

At any rate, the lion probably achieved the greatest ambition of his life when he found himself strolling along the soft-carpeted corridors of that hotel. He was the first lion in all the world, I suppose, to reach such a pinnacle of civilisation. And, in reaching it, he had to die. As Mr. Shaw said: "If you carry your work to the highest point, probably you will be executed." Here is an apt and immediate illustration. Good-bye, poor lion! Your sole fault was that you soared too high for the intelligence of man.

MOUNTED LADIES OF THE BALLET; "DISMOUNTED" MOTORISTS.



1.



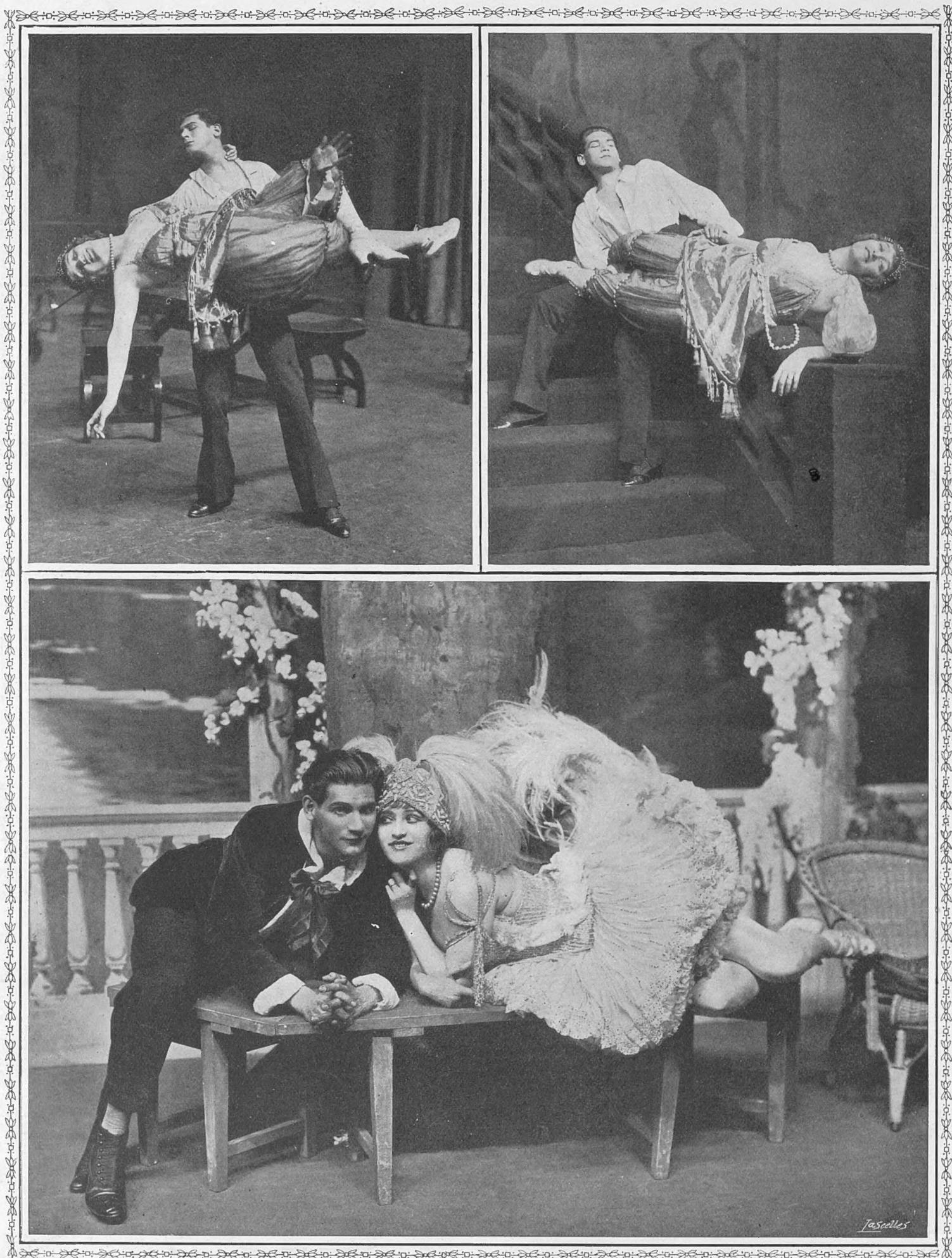
2.

1. MOUNTED LADIES OF THE BALLET: THE EQUESTRIAN "DANCE" AT
THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME.

2. A REALISTIC STAGE "DISASTER": A MOTOR-CAR DASHING INTO THE
LAKE OF THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME.

Our photographs illustrate two particularly realistic scenes at the New York Hippodrome. The first explains itself. Of the second our correspondent writes: "This automobile rushes down an incline, turns a complete somersault, and dashes into the lake. Just before its dive, the four occupants leap out, as shown in the photograph, which is an instantaneous one."—[Photographs by Dietz.]

QUESTIONED IN CURES: Mlle. GABY DESLYS IN "A LA CARTE."



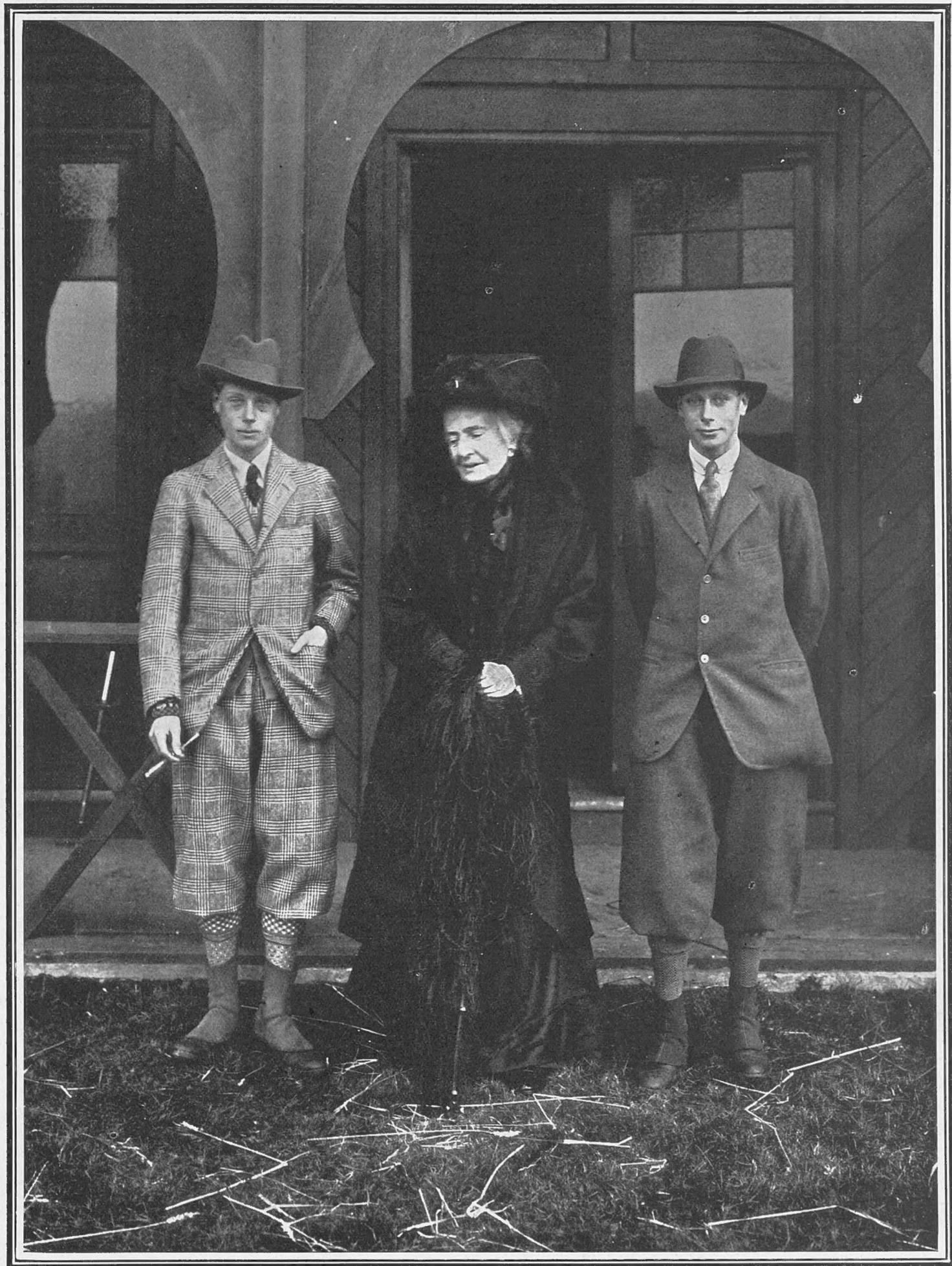
1 and 2. NOT AT ALL GRACEFUL IN MR. BUTT'S EYES, BUT CERTAINLY NOT, HE CLAIMS, INDECENT: Mlle. GABY DESLYS AND MR. HARRY PILCER IN THE STAIRCASE DANCE OF "À LA CARTE," AT THE PALACE.

3. IN THE FIRST SCENE OF "À LA CARTE": MR. HARRY PILCER AS CAROLUS AND Mlle. GABY DESLYS AS NINON.

Last week it became known that controversy had arisen with regard to "À La Carte," presented by Mlle. Gaby Deslys and her company at the Palace Theatre. A number of clergymen, headed by the Bishop of Kensington, wrote to the Lord Chamberlain saying that complaints had been made about the sketch, and asking Lord Sandhurst to "assist us in our difficult task of suppressing indecency and vice in our respective cures." Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson, Comptroller, writing on the Lord Chamberlain's

behalf, then wrote that the manager of the Palace had been warned that nothing offensive must now appear. Mr. Butt has said that the suggestions made are not in any way justified by the nature of the performance, and that he was particularly careful that there should be nothing whatever in the script or in the interpretation thereof to which anyone could possibly take exception. He admits he does not think the dance on the stairs graceful, but is equally emphatic that it is not indecent.

GUNS: THE ELDEST AND THE SECOND SON OF THE KING.



IN SHOOTING GARB: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE ALBERT; WITH LADY WANTAGE.

It seems almost unnecessary to say that the Prince of Wales is seen on the right hand of Lady Wantage ; Prince Albert on her left. Both their Royal Highnesses are excellent shots. With regard to the Prince of Wales as sporting man generally, it may be noted that it is understood that he will hunt this winter whenever he can spare the time.

Photograph by Tom Reveley, Wantage.

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KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE : A BLACK NAPOLEON : YOUTH AND GENERALSHIP : A BALACLAVA SURVIVOR.

Self-Willed Heirs to Thrones. People are holding up their hands in astonishment because the German Crown Prince has flouted his father and has received a lecture in consequence, as though such things had never happened before in German history. Frederick the Great is the classic instance of the troublesome German heir to the throne, and the Kaiser himself was by no means completely amenable to discipline before his accession. In English history there have been Princes of Wales who did not agree with their fathers concerning matters of public import, and Leicester House, which used to stand in Leicester Square, where the Queen's Hotel now is, was dubbed by Pennant "the Pouting Place of Princes," for it was there that George II., when he was Prince of Wales and on bad terms with the King, lived for a while. When King George II. was on the throne history repeated itself, for Prince Frederick, his son, in a state of mutiny, found his father's old house an excellent place in which to sulk. Leicester Square was not a very distant place of exile, whereas the Crown Prince is quartered at Danzig in command of his regiment, the Death's Head Hussars, and it looks as though that very distinguished corps were not likely for some time to be brought any nearer the capital of Germany.

Dinizulu. Dinizulu belonged to the generation which succeeded to the Zulus of Cetewayo's time, and civilisation did not help him to his father's throne as he hoped that it might, though that throne was in reality generally the broad back of one of Cetewayo's wives, who would crouch on the floor of the hut for hours at a time that their bulky lord and master might use them as chairs. There were always two influences at work in Natal in the days which succeeded the Zulu War: one was the influence of the very kindly, very religious people who believed that the natives were bullied and robbed, the centre of this movement being Bishop Colenso's house, a little way out of Pietermaritzburg; the other influence was that of the people who believed that warrior savages only understood the strong hand. Certainly Cetewayo's men and Cetewayo himself were not to be dealt with except by force. I used to hear the talk that went on between the messengers whom Cetewayo sent out from Ulundi to Sir Theophilus Shepstone when that great administrator, "The Father of the Zulus," was on the Blood River trying to come to some understanding which would obviate the necessity of a Zulu war, and the messages that the Zulu King sent to his "father" were intended to provoke a fight before the British were ready for it. Dinizulu, brought up in a different atmosphere, plotted and intrigued, and was sent, a black Napoleon, to fret away some years of his life at St. Helena. In later years he ceased to be dangerous, and he ended his life peacefully enough on a Transvaal farm, with £500 a year with which to buy himself Kaffir beer and the other modest luxuries of a chief.



"CENSORED," SARTORIALLY, IN NEW YORK: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS SHE LANDED AT HOBOKEN.

The Retired French Generals.

France has recognised that General Joffre has carried out a most distasteful duty in putting on the Retired List the Generals—all heroes of the Franco-German War days—whom he considers to have lost their power of initiative. It is a sad thing that the military profession is one in which the young man is paramount, and in which caution does not spell success.

The French Army has always to be instantly ready for war, and it has not for the higher ranks many of those pleasant, easy appointments for old officers of which we in England possess quite a number, and from which no commander is ever likely to be sent to take the field. The French, in their great war, learnt that men who had been brilliant soldiers did not remain brilliant soldiers for ever, and they are determined that when the day of battle comes the men who are to make their reputations—not the men who have made their reputations and have grown rusty—shall be at the head of their divisions and their *corps d'armées*. It would be easy enough to prove from our own military history that men who have been splendid soldiers and who have aged do not retain all the qualities that make for success. This was shown very decisively in the Crimean War, when the Peninsular men did not all retain the energy they had shown in the great campaigns, and there are plenty of instances in later years which I need not particularise.



A FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA IN KNICKERBOCKERS: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE ON BOARD A LINER BOUND FOR NEW YORK.

The authorities at the port of New York, as is well known, exercise a strict censorship in the matter of costume over those who land there. Recently, they took exception to the aigrettes worn in the hats of certain ladies. When Miss Maggie Teyte, the famous prima-donna, "landed there not long ago," she was wearing the rational and sensible, but certainly unconventional, garb in which she appears in our photographs. She was promptly requested by a policeman to return to her state-room and put on a skirt. Miss Teyte, it may be recalled, has recently been singing with great success in Berlin.

Photographs by International News Service.

Boys" were the regiment in which Wombwell was then serving, and they, of course, were one of the regiments in the Charge; but young Wombwell was acting as A.D.C. to Lord Cardigan, and went into the charge at his commander's heels. His horse was shot and he was taken prisoner by the Russian cavalry, but the Hussars charged close up to where he was, and he made his escape, riding a Russian horse which he found running loose. Lord Cardigan believed that he had been killed, and there was great rejoicing when, as the shattered Brigade formed up again, the young Lancer reported himself to Lord Cardigan as though he had simply been separated from him during a mêlée. One of the first officers to congratulate him on his escape was the late Duke of Cambridge, who said, "Well done, young Wombwell." That night the Duke, who was a great friend of Sir George's father, wrote to the latter in Yorkshire.

Sir George Wombwell. One by one

the survivors of the Balalaika Charge are going to their last resting-place, and Sir George Wombwell, one of the most distinguished of the noble Six Hundred, has been laid to rest in the Yorkshire Priory where the bones of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, an ancestor of the Wombwells on the distaff side, are said to rest. The "Death or Glory

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. T. J. BARRATT—FOR HAVING
WASHED THE PUBLIC SO LONG.

Mr. Thomas J. Barratt, chairman of the famous soap-makers, Messrs. A. and F. Pears, Ltd., was presented with his portrait the other day at a dinner given in his honour at the Savoy Hotel. The occasion was the coming-of-age of Messrs. Pears as a public company. The portrait is by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., and was hung in this year's Academy. Mr. Barratt has been called "the King of Advertisers."—Soon after the dedication of the "Battle of the Nations" Memorial at Leipzig, eight lions and a tiger escaped from a travelling

THE LEIPZIG POLICE—FOR THEIR SUMMARY METHODS OF STOPPING LIONS
FROM SCRATCHING AT HOTEL DOORS.



MR. JOHN BUNNY—THE FILM-
ACTOR—FOR HIS LAUGH.

menagerie which was run into by a tram-car in a fog. The terrified animals played some strange antics, one exploring an hotel and scratching at doors, while another seated itself on the front of a motor-bus. There was a panic in the town, and the police shot six of the beasts, in spite of the protests of their owners and trainers.—Mr. John Bunny's expressive countenance is familiar throughout the country to the frequenters of picture-palaces. He is probably the best-known cinematograph actor in the kingdom.

Photographs by Leipziger-Presse-Büro and Underwood and Underwood.



MR. STEVENS, OF SURBITON—FOR BEING
A PORTER AND A PLUS TWO GOLFER.

One of the porters at the South-Western Station at Surbiton, Mr. Stevens, has attained widespread fame as a golfer among passengers on the line, who often invite him to play. His handicap is plus two, and among his best scores are: Esher, 69; Molesey, 69; Bleakdown, Byfleet, 70; and Fulwell, 73. He is an amateur, and belongs to the Esher Artisans' Club.—A new fashion in riding



MISS RUTH BOYD—FOR INAUGURATING THE ANTELOPE-
SKIN FASHION IN ROTTEN ROW.

habits was seen in the Row the other day, when Miss Ruth Boyd appeared in a costume made entirely (including hat and boots) of antelope-skin. It is said to be very valuable.—Miss Eleanor Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, is appearing as Ornis in a bird-masque organised as a protest against importation of plumes.—[Photographs by Record Press and C.N.]



MISS ELEANOR WILSON—FOR BEING
QUITE A BIRD.



AN ELECTOR OF READING—FOR GETTING
AN EQUINE EQUIVALENT TO "SAY 99"
THROUGH THE STETHOSCOPE.

During the election at Reading the popular catchword has become, "Say 99," in allusion to the last Liberal majority, which stood at that figure. "Say 99" is, of course, the familiar instruction of the doctors to their patients when testing the lungs with a stethoscope. Consequently the stethoscope wheeze has been much in evidence at Reading, one elector going so far as to try it on his horse.—The Lord Mayor-elect of York, Alderman J. H. Hartley, is a railway shunter by profession. No doubt there are occasions in municipal life when



ALDERMAN J. H. HARTLEY—FOR NOT GETTING
SHUNTED IN THE ELECTION OF THE LORD MAYOR
OF YORK.



MR. JUSTICE BARGRAVE DEANE—FOR
EMULATING MR. JAMES BLAKELEY AS
MATRIMONIAL RECONCILER.

a knowledge of side-tracking comes in useful. It frequently happens, also, that a Lord Mayor is rather a jovial sort of buffer.—Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane made an interesting innovation in the Divorce Court the other day in a case for restitution of conjugal rights. He extended the time for the husband's return to twelve months, instead of the customary short period which usually ends in proceedings for desertion. In comparing the learned Judge to Mr. James Blakeley, we allude to the latter's part of Dr. Rosenrot in "The Laughing Husband."

Photographs by the Farringdon Photo. Co., Illustrations Bureau, and Vandyk.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MRS. JAMES HOPE NELSON—
FOR BEING THE MOST BEAUTI-
FUL WOMAN IN AMERICA AND
MARRYING AN ENGLISHMAN.

Mrs. James Hope Nelson, who was formerly known as Miss Isabel Vallé, of St. Louis, has been described as the most beautiful woman in America. Her husband is the eldest son of Sir William Nelson, Chairman of the Nelson Line.—The Prime Minister and his family have in their time carried off many academic honours at Oxford. The latest success is that of his son, Mr. Cyril

Photographs by Bain, Lafayette, and Dover Street Studios.

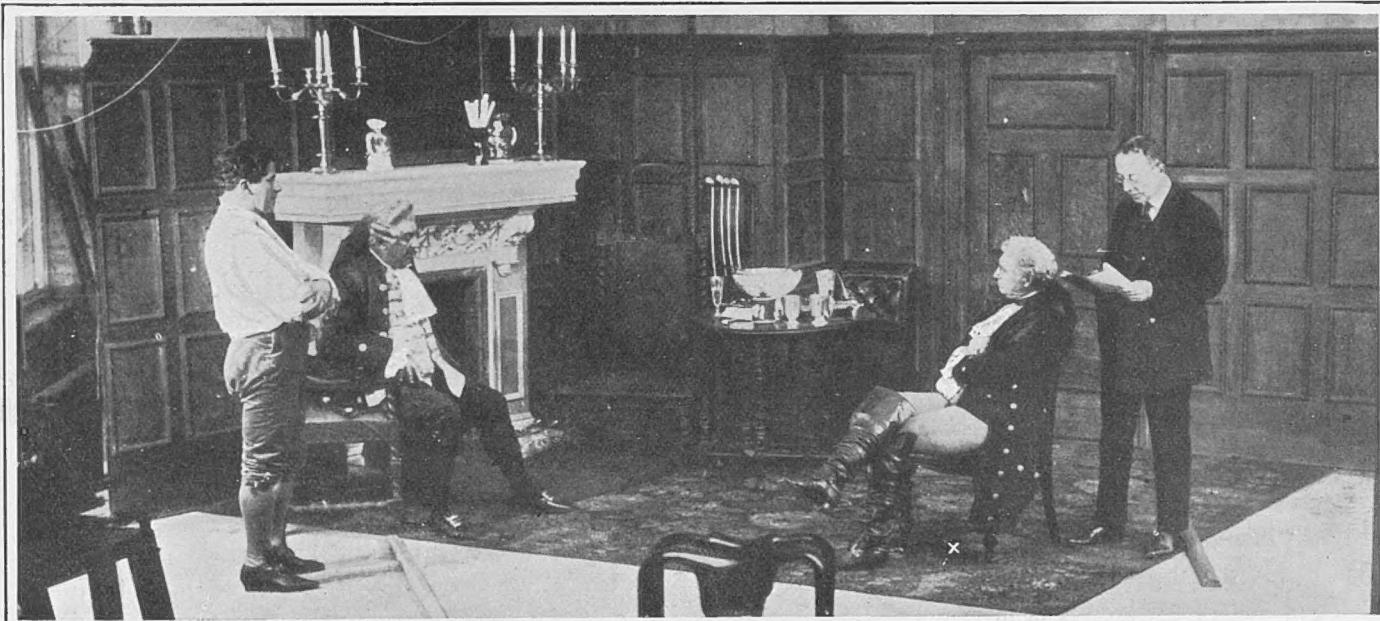
MR. JAMES HOPE NELSON—
FOR EMPLOYING THE NELSON
TACTICS TO WIN AMERICA'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

MR. CYRIL ASQUITH—FOR
GETTING A FELLOWSHIP AT
MAGDALEN AND COMING OUT
WELL IN APPENDICITIS.

THE HON. KATHARINE VILLIERS—
FOR BEING "LENT" BY THE
QUEEN AND "BORROWED" BY
A PRINCESS.

Asquith, who has been elected a Fellow of Magdalen, and who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis.—Miss Katharine Villiers, who is one of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour, has been "lent" by her Majesty to Princess Patricia of Connaught, to whom she is to act as Lady-in-Waiting in Canada. Miss Villiers is a niece of the Earl of Clarendon.

Photographs by Bain, Lafayette, and Dover Street Studios.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM (x)—FOR GIVING POSTERITY A CHANCE TO SEE HIM IN HIS MOST FAMOUS PART.

Sir Charles Wyndham is busily engaged in playing his famous part of David Garrick, in the play of that name, for a cinematograph film. Future generations will thus have a chance of seeing him in it.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MR. H. WIERS-JENNSSEN—
FOR BEING A PERFECT
IBSENITE AND AUTHOR
OF "THE WITCH."



BOMBITA, THE FAMOUS MATADOR—FOR HAVING RETIRED WITH A SAFE
SKIN AND A FULL PURSE AFTER ACCOUNTING FOR MORE BULLS IN
THE COURSE OF HIS CAREER THAN ALL THE POPES OR IRISHMEN IN
HISTORY.

Mr. H. Wiers-Jennsen, the author of "The Witch," the new piece due for production at the St. James's Theatre to-night (Oct. 29) in succession to "Androcles and the Lion," is a disciple of Ibsen, and has followed closely in his master's footsteps, even so far as to be director of the Theatre at Bergen. It was while visiting Frau Ibsen there that Mr. William Archer saw "The Witch" and secured it for Mr. Granville Barker.—Bombita, the famous Spanish bull-fighter, known



MISS MARY BARTELME—FOR
BEING THE FIRST WOMAN
JUDGE, THOUGH NOT FIRST
TO LAY DOWN THE LAW.

in private life as Ricardo Torres, has just retired from his gory occupation. He is said to have fought 3000 bulls in his time.—Miss Mary Bartelme, the only woman judge in the United States, sits in a newly established special court at Chicago, which is officiated by women and deals with women delinquents. Miss Bartelme has been practising law fourteen years, and was the first woman invited by the Illinois Bar Association to address it at one of its annual meetings.

Photograph of Miss Bartelme by Moffett.



"VURRY" AMUSING: A REVUE WHICH CAUSES THE AUDIENCE TO "LAP IT UP."

"Keep Smiling." If the editor thinks that I am going to write a coherent, connected account of the new revue at the Alhambra he will be jolly well disappointed, for I couldn't if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. Such an account would bore you stiff, gentle reader. I throw in the

"gentle reader" as a kind of pleasant, old-world flavour and corrective to my style, which has grown a trifle loose and informal, owing to a debauch recently in plays and revues in which our mother-



IN THE "LADIES FIRST" SCENE: THE CHE-ILD HAS A HARD TIME OF IT.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

tongue is treated with "vurry" little respect. I daresay I caught the "vurry" at the Alhambra, where some of the principal ladies exhibited a pretty thick accent, if no staggering amount of talent: I should be sorry to think that we have not plenty of native artists at least as good. There are moments when I feel that the business of welcoming foreigners to perform in our entertainment world is a bit overdone. Let 'em all come, when they are better than ours—otherwise, otherwise. Now, about the plot: well, the revue-ists themselves made fun of that from the start. We began with an amusing burlesque upon "Sealed Orders," and the stolen document was the plot of the revue which was never recovered. For let me tell you, still gentle reader, that I have made a great discovery all by myself. They don't need any plots in revues, and don't want them. The revue is a device for clipping the wings of the orthodox music-hall artists, who were growing too big, having found the competition of the legitimate players in sketches to be of little importance. However, I daresay you don't care tuppence about that aspect of the matter. So let us get back to the Alhambra Theatre and keep smiling.

The Big Staircase. The sensation of the affair, I am told, is the Main Staircase, which is supposed to be a tremendous novelty. It reminded me of the first night of "Hansel and Gretel" at Daly's (on Dec. 24, 1894), and the great impression produced on me by the movement of the Angels on the great staircase to Humperdinck's magnificent music. Seen through gauzes, the effect was really beautiful; but, alas!



ON BOARD THE S.S. 'MAURETIC': THE SAILORS' DANCE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

towards the close the gauzes were removed and the stage was flooded with light, and then I recognised the angels as the young ladies who had been the peasant boys and girls, and this and that, in the then recent musical plays, so the charm, mystery, and illusion vanished.

The theatre is too fond of removing the gauze and flooding the stage with light. There are moments when I have the uncharitable thought that those who control the lighting arrangements must be emissaries in disguise of the electric-lighting companies. But, of course, I name no names, this being mere guesswork. Some quite jolly effects are obtained on the big staircase by the manœuvres of the girls upon it, particularly towards the end, when most of them are dressed effectively in black and red. As for the dancing on the staircase, I admit a worried feeling at the idea that somebody might come a cropper, and it was quite clear that I had no monopoly of this feeling. I don't get any real joy out of dancing, however ingenious, unless I feel that the dancers are enjoying themselves.

The Assyrian Ballet.

Have I mentioned the Assyrian Ballet which finds its place in the revue? You may ask why it is there—but why does the fly get found in the amber? and why do the heathen rage? Anyhow, there it is, with a savage little drama performed in an ancient Assyrian Palace with huge columns. And there were some very striking effects of light and colour, and we had weird, effective dances. I did not quite understand what was the story at the time, for I was stupid enough not to read the synopsis till afterwards. I recommend you to read it beforehand, and then you will be able to enjoy the clever dancing and posturing of Miss Mossetti and Miss Monkman undisturbed by wonder as to what it all means. Of course, there are people quite content to enjoy without understanding, but critics aren't built that way: "Theirs is to reason why, theirs is to know—or die." The most amusing thing in the whole show is the telephone business called "Hello, Honey," quite ingeniously contrived, in which we saw a tragic little comedy, worked by the malevolence of a pretty operator, wrathful at being disturbed. The stage was so arranged that the five persons of the piece occupied separate scenes, rendered visible or invisible in turn.

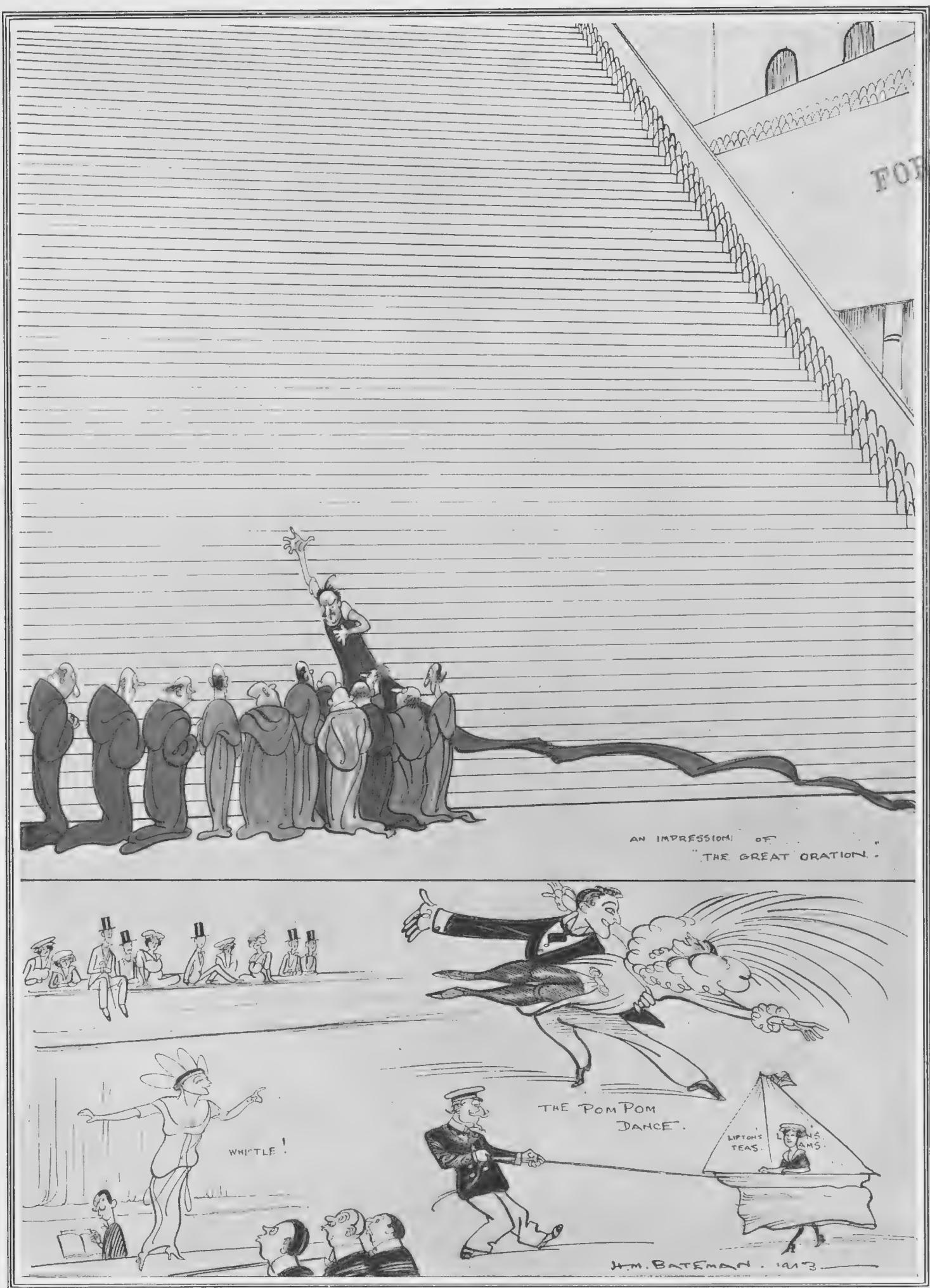


RAILWAY PORTERS! MESSRS.
MANNY AND ROBERTS.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

funny and reveals horrid possibilities in operators. I don't believe they really can do such dreadful things, but must make inquiries; if they can, shan't I be polite in future! After all, I have forgotten to talk about Mr. Robert Hale, the most important personage of the whole matter. The energetic Hale appeared as the statue of Nelson, as Sir Thomas Lipton, as Mr. Lloyd George, as Mr. George Graves, and as a musical director. A man of many parts, of much variety, and immense energy, with an unforgettable voice: he caused abundance of laughter. Of course, there are lots of other successful people: graceful dancers, such as Miss Mossetti and Miss Monkman; eccentric dancers like Mr. Cook and Messrs. Manny and Roberts; whilst among the ladies, one of the most popular was Miss Mabel Bunyea-Gideon, who came down among us recklessly and gave delusive imitations. If you want to get an idea of her, pronounce her surname facetiously. Altogether "Keep Smiling" is a wonderful entertainment. I doubt whether John Ruskin would have admired it, and there is far too much rag-time; but the audience, to use the language of the theatre, seemed to "lap it up."

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "KEEP SMILING!"



THE MAIN STAIRCASE OF THE NEW ALHAMBRA REVUE AND OTHER MATTERS OF MOMENT:
BATEMAN CARICATURES.

"Keep Smiling!" is produced by Messrs. A. Charlot and M. V. Leveaux. The comedy scenes are by Messrs. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox and L. E. Berman. The lyrics are by Mr. Hugh E. Wright. The Assyrian Ballet is by Mr. Theodor Kosloff. The dances and ensembles are by Mr. J. W. Jackson.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



SIR IAN HAMILTON.

SIR IAN HAMILTON is not going to India. And since he is not a Kitchener man he will probably be happier out of Lord Kitchener's shoes than he would be in them. In all senses, Sir Ian is of another type. Imagine K. of K. a poet, a novelist, a citer of Ruskin on the ethics of war, a weaver of romances, not only under cover of a publisher and a pen-name, but in open daylight; a confirmed and convicted romanticist! Sir Ian, a sort of R. L. S. in epaulettes, in the day of Kitchens and Duffs, redeems the art of soldiering from the reproach of sheer utilitarianism, of unlovely austerity. It is such as he, and only such as he, who can make the business of killing a gallant business, or at least make the attempt to make it so. The ways of the murderer are dark and unseemly; your executioner in olden days wore a black mask, but is no less dismal since he has taken to wearing a black tie as his only insignia; the slaughterer does his work behind high walls. The soldier, on the contrary, goes to battle (in romance, at any rate) with drums playing and flags flying. He makes, if he is of Sir Ian's class, as if to be gay at his task. Unlike the rigid, unpicturesque, and brave soldiers of the new school, he is gallant as well as brave. Sir Ian's gallantry—the word is as useful in peace as in war—is proverbial.

Haldane's Man. "Flighty and unreliable," said Sir Reginald Pole-Carew in one of the most unprecedented and unexpected "maiden" speeches ever uttered in the House of Commons. He was speaking against Haldane's rule at the War Office and against a book by Sir Ian approved by Haldane. "I have had considerable experience of the writer in former days," said Sir Reginald, "and concluded that the book was very much like the author—flighty and unreliable." He said more in the same strain, but was interrupted in the middle of a sentence by the War Secretary himself. The incident, which must remain in the mind as a proof of the elasticity of military etiquette, is recalled here to show that the soldier with friends at the War Office may be one with enemies in the Army. For the whole of Lord Haldane's term of office Sir Ian was suspected of inspiring and correcting, modifying and enlarging the policy of the Department. It is probable that without his presence the atmosphere would have grown a little heavy: with Lord Haldane and his secretaries deep in ponderous tomes by German tacticians on the one hand, and with the Army girding at a civilian's obtuseness on the other, the end would have been inertia on both sides. Sir Ian kept things going; but when a discerning officer of another camp chanced to catch sight of him behind the scenes, with wires in both hands, protests were vehement.

An Inconvenient Conqueror. Sir Ian is frank about his friends and their uses, and equally frank about the inconvenience of those who

are not so surely his friends. At the conclusion of the Boer War he strained, he says, "all that friends and credit could do to obtain permission to come home from South Africa via Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and Russia, so that I might study not only the actors but also the theatre of a great impending world-drama." Friends and credit did not fail him; word came from England that his desire was granted. His possessions were mobilised, his trunks were packed, and — three days before starting, the conqueror of Omdurman "signified that it might be more convenient if I accompanied him straight home! The convenience of a conqueror is not to be gainsaid.

Thus the mere expression of a wish shattered my scheme."

With the Japanese. Three years later he could recall that incident with something more than equanimity, with something hardly less than triumph. Interest and credit prevailed. By March 16, 1904, he found himself in Tokio, a British Attaché to the Japanese Army. A fortnight later—or was it the next morning?—he wrote home that he was confident the Japanese would beat the Russians, that he had made up his mind that the Japanese army, battalion for battalion, surpassed any European army, "excepting only the British at its best (not at its second best, in which state it most often finds itself)." Within that first exhilarating fortnight he had made friends with the entire Japanese staff at headquarters, with all the Attachés, and with the Geishas! He liked the Japanese privates because their bullet-heads reminded him of the Gurkhas—and alongside Gurkhas he had fought at intervals since 1879. But it was not the Japanese soldier's bullet-head that took all his attention during that first fortnight. It was soon known among his observant hosts that he was a devoted admirer of loveliness and charm in women. The fairest Geishas were bidden attend upon him. "Beauty is a matter of taste, but charm is not," he has said, and further records that "the smile of the Japanese girl is an enchantment." By his own account, after a dinner-flirtation with Miss Flourishing Dragon, whom he left with expressions of his deep admiration, he found himself the next evening beside O Suzame San, or the Honourable Sparrow, "one of the prettiest girls who has made mischief since Helen of Troy set towns blazing. At last I paid her a compliment which went beyond her limited knowledge of English: 'I wish,' I said, 'most Honourable Sparrow, I had a beautiful golden cage into which I might put you and carry you off home.' A naval officer volunteered to translate it, but when he had done so the lady's face clouded and she soon departed." Afterwards Sir Ian heard that the naval man's rendering had been: "As you are a sparrow, I wish you would shut yourself up in a box." Trust not sailors in such matters! Sir Ian takes poetic license, and praises as many ladies as Lovelace or Suckling. But all his happiest verses are addressed to Lady Hamilton!



GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



LADY HAMILTON.

General Sir Ian Standish Monteith Hamilton was born at Corfu on Jan. 16, 1853, son of Colonel Christian Monteith Hamilton and Corinna, daughter of the third Viscount Gort. Educated at Cheam and at Wellington, he entered the Army in 1873. He has seen much active service, always with distinction; and has been Commandant at Hythe, Military Secretary at Headquarters, Chief of Staff to Lord Kitchener (1901-2), Quartermaster-General to the Forces, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Southern Command, and Adjutant-General to the Forces. In 1910 he was appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Mediterranean, and Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces. In 1887 he married Jean, daughter of Sir John Muir, first Baronet.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.

A MARQUESS'S SISTER; RANKED AS A MARQUESS' DAUGHTER.



ENGAGED TO MR. HARRY F. DE PARAVICINI: LADY EVA CHOLMONDELEY.

Lady Eva Cholmondeley—who, by the way, is a capital golfer—is the youngest sister of the Marquess of Cholmondeley. She has the Order of Mercy, and, in company with her sisters, was raised to the rank of a Marquess's daughter in 1885. Her brother, who succeeded to the title in 1884 and is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, is the son of the late Charles George Cholmondeley, by Susan Caroline,

daughter of Sir George Dashwood, fourth Baronet, and is the grandson of the third Marquess. The elder of her two sisters, Lady Marcia, married Mr. Percy John de Paravicini, M.V.O., in 1891. As we note elsewhere, under his portrait, Mr. Harry Farquhar de Paravicini, who was born in 1859, is a son of Mr. James Prior de Paravicini, of Datchet.—[Photograph by Sarony and Co.]

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THE weather itself, as somebody said, seemed to recognise the importance of being Ernest Cassel's fellow-host of the King. Despite a little local haze, the atmospheric conditions were never remembered to have favoured the sport of a King more than at Six Mile Bottom. Sir Ernest's usual good-luck in sorting out

guests for congenial parties did not desert him; for besides the King and the host, the guns were Lord Clarendon, Mr. Wilfrid Ashley, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lord Ilchester, Sir F. Ponsonby, Mr. Henry Stonor, and Lord Annesley. Equal luck was his Majesty's later on his own preserves. It is a commonplace that your true-blue sportsman cares to talk of nothing but sport. But at this year's shooting-parties politics have been a prevailing topic. Perhaps because politics themselves have become a sport?

Shots—of Sorts:

If game is to become the political game, certain little by-plays are to be counted upon. In the Cabinet, the Harcourt broad acres have had to be reconciled to the Chancellor's broadsides. Once before they were present to the mind of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. That was when Sir William Harcourt first visited

MISS CLARE SYBIL READ,
WHOSE MARRIAGE TO
CANON MARTIN BRERETON
BUCKLE WAS FIXED FOR
YESTERDAY (OCT. 28).

The bride is the third daughter of the late Mr. Clare Sewell Read, M.P. Canon Buckle is the Rector of Astley, Stourport, Worcestershire, and has been Honorary Canon of Worcester since 1909. The wedding was fixed to take place at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington.

Photograph by Sarony.

Disraeli at Hughenden, and was shown all over the little property—the few fields, the peacock-close, the pig-sty even. At the end of the little circuit, Dizzy, addressing the member of a family with vast possessions, put up his hands imploringly and said: "Forgive the vanity of a landed proprietor!" Here is another little discrepancy that amuses the tea-tables

uncles, contributed to an excellent bag of driven birds. But pheasants, as if affrighted by the Lord Chancellor's menu, are scarce. One of the Westminster party attributed their scarcity to another cause. Surveying a glorious tract of agricultural country, covered with the prosperous-looking, rounded forms of the vegetable world, but with never a pheasant in sight, he said: "I



WITH HER INFANT SON: THE HON. MRS. OLIVER BRETT.

The marriage of Antoinette, daughter of August Heckscher, of New York, and the Hon. Oliver Sylvain Babiol Brett, elder son of Viscount Esher, took place in 1912.

Photograph by Russell.

believe the mangold-wurzels have eaten them."

"Gag" and the Bag. A bevy of good shots has gone North to join Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart's house-party. Lord Ninian, a keen marksman, and the brother and neighbour of a still keener, exercises a very rigorous censorship over the invitation-lists issued from the House of Falkland at a time of year when birds are strong on the wing and sport is exciting. This week he and his friends join forces with the party at Glamis



ENGAGED TO MR. STANLEY HOBART:
MISS KATHLEEN GROVE WHITE.

Miss Grove White is a daughter of Commander and Mrs. Grove White, of Springfield Hall, Mallow, and is a keen follower of the Duhallow Hunt, Co. Cork. Mr. Hobart is in the North Staffordshire Regiment.—[Photograph by Poole.]

at the end of a day's sport. The King shot partridges the other day for seven hours at a stretch, a light luncheon intervening. At the same time, the King's Minister was having his own shots: "The Land-owner is busy attending to his agricultural duties. Look at him! He is at it these days. You can hear the sound of his energies—after pheasants."

Wurzer and Wurzer.

The Duke of Westminster's shooting-party at the Towers, Llanarmon, has had capital sport. The Duke of Teck, his Royal Highness's host, and his host's

Castle, where the shooting is no less admirable. Lord Glamis, who was known for a good shot some time before he reached his majority, did not, it would seem, lose his steady hand and sure eye when he learned the nerve-shattering secret of the Castle. But he has not, of course, shared the mystery with a soul, and if any unwitting guest broaches the subject, he will be met with a commonplace about the weather and "the bag."

M. de Soveral.

The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness brings many people to the Royal Horticultural Society's exhibition of flowers and fruits.



ENGAGED: MISS HILDA EAGLES AND COMMANDER ERIC V. F. R. DUGMORE, R.N.

Miss Eagles is the youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant John Lionel Eagles, R.N., and of Mrs. Eagles, of Alverstoke. Commander Dugmore is the third son of the late Captain Francis Sandys Dugmore, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dugmore, of Guernsey.

Photographs by Swaine.



ORGANISER OF THE PICTURE BALL TO BE HELD
AT THE ALBERT HALL: LADY MURIEL PAGET.

Lady Muriel Paget, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchilsea, who is very much concerned with the arrangement of the Picture Ball and Christmas Carnival which is to be held at the Albert Hall on Dec. 3, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, was born in 1876. Her marriage to Sir Richard Arthur Surtees Paget, second Baronet, took place in 1897.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

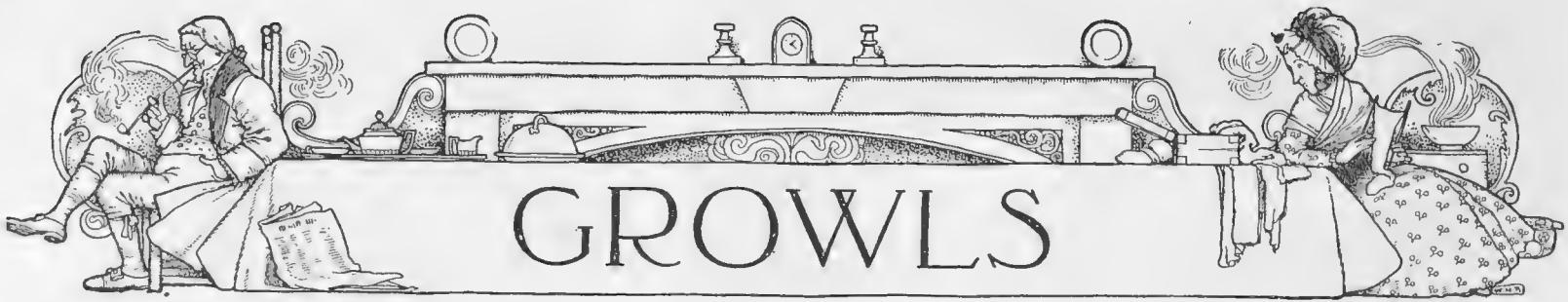
borrough, and a little crowd of gardeners, wrapped in the first furs of the season, met round the stalls to discuss peaches, mangold-wurzels, and, as it happened, the rumours of revolution in Portugal. The Marquis de Soveral was of the company, with no special news—or no special news to impart—of the events that naturally mean rather more to him than the nice bloom upon a prize plum.

WE SHALL EXPECT A MANGOLD-WURZEL PORTRAIT NEXT.



AN EXPERT IN PHEASANTS' FOOD : A NATURAL "LIKENESS" OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS RARE AND REFRESHING FRUIT OF A TREE AT BURNHAM BEECHES.

Here is Mr. Lloyd George more intimately associated with land, more nearly allied to rare and refreshing fruit, than he has ever been before; in other words, a natural "portrait" of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on one of the oldest beeches of Burnham Beeches. Our readers will have no difficulty in finding the alleged "likeness" on the left of the trunk.—[Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls.]



A CURIOUS SORT OF CASE: THE LAW OF LIBEL.

IT is curious how near to maliciousness one may get without actually offending the touchy law which presumptuously asserts that it is dealing with the so-called law of libel. I have been trying for years and years to induce somebody or other to take proceedings against me on this count. I have felt that it is idle to

continue to put pen to paper without involving myself in legal procedure. There is a certain elementary satisfaction to be derived from calling a person names, and there is a certain joy to be experienced in the weaving together of words which are certainly provocative, if unfounded; but there the matter remains. It may be that the law contains no attractions for the person one has assailed. Possibly it may also be that he, being selected for one's attack, is rendered primarily immune from one's onslaughts by an impecuniosity which deters him from taking proceedings. Maybe he fears taking legal proceedings which would take up time which he would more cheerfully devote to proceedings of a less exacting order.* But whatever be the precise reason for his reluctance to invoke the assistance of the law, to appeal to that assistance I have found to be the very last thing he will ever do. I have used lurid language in my attempts

A PEER AS MUSIC-HALL ARTISTE: THE EARL OF CARRICK AS COLONEL CLEVELAND, AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

His Lordship, who is a well-known amateur actor, is giving his salary to charity.

Photograph by L.N.A.

to lure certain people on to their destruction and my own triumph. I have actually insinuated that second sons with small incomes have been guilty continually of intentional homicide, providing photographs of their disguises and actual representations of their weapons, but all in vain. They have turned a chilly ear to my attacks, and I have met them the same day with a copy of the incriminating paper in their hands, walking down the street and laughing with noticeable merriment. This has brought bitter tears to my optics, and has made me feel vastly doubtful concerning the efficiency of our



WHERE MERE MEN CANNOT BE SERVED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX: A BAR FOR WOMEN ONLY.

A correspondent, sending us this photograph, writes: "There is a place in New York where there is a bar for women—just a regular bar, like the one the male person drops into to get his morning's 'morning.' It is run exclusively for women, and no man can buy a drink there unless chaperoned by some member of the other sex. The bar is patronised exclusively by women of social standing and assured position. It is in the Café des Beaux Arts, at 40th Street and 6th Avenue."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Legislature; and, full of my subject, I decided last week to make a firm and determined effort to make at least one of my contemporaries demand the aid of the law and the justice which, it is boldly stated, is open to us all.

The Charge. I drew an indisputable likeness of the old lady who, according to the papers, had been seized with apoplexy when sitting before her private fireside, and on being carried to her bed had lawfully given up the ghost, and I turned the story inside out. With malign certainty, I showed that no item of truth had been dared to display itself before the intelligent and independent jurors; that the coroner was old and infirm beyond belief; that the truly guilty party did not dare to give evidence; and that the cause of the tragedy was no disease, but the deadly poison known as Dismos. I left no portion of the story untold. I knew the family well, and had no difficulty in telling the tale. The man returned after a day's pheasant-shooting. Finding his aunt in a light and quaint attitude before the fire, he joyously asked her to dance with him, and then, seizing her remorselessly round the neck, he joyfully sought her extermination by means of the lethal distillation to which I have referred. I showed where he had obtained the drug on the previous Thursday, and I had no difficulty in stating the price he gave for it. I showed how he had waited for the moment, and how he had seized it when it came. I indicated how he was lured to the crime by the inconsiderate chink of the money which his misguided victim insisted on rattling, while giving no indication of the least desire for death. With dire and dreadful accuracy I drew a picture of her last moments, detailing the horrors of her doom, and, by way of adding to the horrors of the scene, depicting her rousing herself for a few moments and bringing the charge I was making against my hero, who was unable to deny it. Then, after some correspondence with my editor, I obtained permission to publish it.



HOW WOULD YOU CARE TO DO THIS? A BEE-KEEPER ALLOWING BEES NOT ONLY TO BUZZ ROUND HIS FACE, BUT TO ENTER HIS MOUTH.

Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau.

The Net Result. Alas! the confession must be made that the full publication of the details of this dire and diabolical doing made not the slightest difference. No single newspaper except the one treated of took the slightest notice of the announcement made; not a word of my down-thrown hero transpired in any other. When I called at the office of the paper I favoured, a commissionaire conducted me round the building, and smilingly referred me to the paragraph which bore my poisoned words, but gave no other indication of dismay. He seemed rather inclined to refer to it as something indicative of a joke which had inked its way into some cerebellum which was open for some such person, where it had at once established itself and proposed to stay. I bore no grudge, though I felt seriously aggrieved. You may pour forth the most strange expressions over the most weird and painful rascals, you may describe at full length the dreadfulness of their conduct and the very product of their plans; but say one word of the purpose of it all and the plunder of the plan, and you are done. You may go forth and pillage the first person you may meet, but the most likely way of escaping from punishment is to confess. The next best thing is to be accused. The voice of the accuser need not appal. He may even be trusted till he is "busted."

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

The Perfectly Popular Pianist: Studies of Types.



IV.—THE QUIVERING DEMI-SEMI-QUAVERER: LISZT'S "CAMPANELLA."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



A POSTER, A PAINTER, AND A PUBLISHER.

BY MARTHE TROY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I FIRST met her in one of those endless subterranean tunnels that lead you from tube to lift, and vice-versa. She looked very fresh and pale, and a little cold, like a white lamp with a blue shade, or an early, chilly hyacinth standing still in dread of the March wind. I stared at her, and she stared at me. Her eyes were very blue and very large—a little too blue and a little too large; but then, it is a way with Mr. Ilbery Lynch to twist Nature around his light brush with a perversely enchanting effect. I thought at first Valentine was her name, but it seems that in English Valentine is a man's name: it is also the title of Mr. Grant Richards' novel. Her name—that of the girl on the poster—is Julie. Pity, isn't it? It sounds very insignificant, especially for such a magnificent woman as the heroine of the novel.

Julie Fenelon was "perfectly beautiful"—that also is a pity. But let us hope she was not so really, except in the mind of her admirers. We readers cannot clearly conceive her, for she remains to the last chapter a somewhat shadowy, if exquisite, figure, a sort of Princesse Lointaine, who only lives for us *par rapport* to the strong and clear and real personality of Valentine himself. Valentine thinks her clever, gentle, original, and fascinating, but she does not say or do anything that we can remember, or that gives us that pleasurable little start that the doings, or the sayings, or the merely being, of magnetic creatures gives us. Also, when sorrow (only a little one) comes, Julie turns over on her pillow and sleeps it off. Sorrow, like an angry dog, must be faced. Perhaps two absorbing characters in one book would be one too many. Valentine is an

knocking at his memory; the future, terrifying and obscure, never troubles his soul with a revolted fear. If you spoke to Valentine of past and future, he would think you meant his own youth and his old age. His very dream is a fact. Sometimes men of Valentine's type are great globe-trotters, and yet it is wonderful how small is the world in which they live. They seem to do what we call in French *piétiner sur place*—to trample the one same spot under foot. In fact, the world for the Valentines is *their world*; time is the epoch in which they live; love is marriage with a beautiful woman, beautifully gowned, with good health and vitality, but not



SUN-BATH COSTUME FOR LITTLE ATHLETES: GIRLS PARADING IN THE STADIUM OF THE NEW COLLEGE OF ATHLETES AT RHEIMS.

France, not at all pleased at her non-success at the last Olympic Games, desires to reach a much higher standard in Berlin, and with that object is training many of her sons and daughters. To help in this matter she has built, at Rheims, a new College for Athletes, to which is attached a large open-air stadium. The costumes worn for the training there are of a distinctly sun-bath order.—[Photographs by Rol.]

absorbing character, not because he is very fine or deep or great, but because he is so real. He is not a character in the book; he is *the book*. He appears in print as he must be in flesh and—clothes. But if he were better the book would not be better, for the cleverness of the book consists in the admirable faithfulness of the description, and in the choice of incidents that reveal a character where description becomes too obvious a medium.

I will not tell you the story of the book, as either you have read it or will read it. It is a novel by a man of the world for men of the world, who will enjoy vastly seeing so many pages of their own diaries re-written in good order and amusingly, not only for their own delectation, but even for that of the near-to-Nature, unsophisticated people like myself.

Valentine is frivolous and futile and brave and clean and honest. He is interested in the things that are, and can be seen, touched, tasted, toasted. He lives in the present; that is, perhaps, because his father was a practical man. The past, nebulous and clear, never comes

FRANCE DETERMINED TO BE TO THE FORE IN BERLIN DURING THE NEXT OLYMPIC GAMES: LIGHTLY CLAD ATHLETES MARCHING PAST M. POINCARE AT RHEIMS.

too much life and not too much instinct. And Life itself—that enemy rampant, that lover deceitful, that problem harassing, that circle of dream-slumber and nightmare, that everyday food that is sometimes fruit and sometimes stone—Life, that tremendous threshold, it is for the Valentines a certain span of years to be spent with as much ease and as much beauty (beauty of the fashionable conception) as can be achieved honestly, and for which achievement—they will tell you—have energy and ingenuity been given to man. But even their life has its thrills and disappointments. Chapters V. and VI. of Book II. are palpitating examples of the keen moments in the existence of a young man with a fine taste and very big bills. Those chapters and the one before the last are to me the most

powerfully written in the whole book. What a pity the one before the last chapter had to be followed by the last one!—and that last one ended by those last words: "March is nearly over, then there's April and May, and we're to get married on June 1. Isn't that so, Julie?" "It is—if I can get my clothes ready in time." Clothes! Ye gods! Oh, for the primitive man and the cave girl! Oh, for the spontaneity of real youth and real love!

And yet another thing I must tilt at. Valentine, when the great crisis comes, renounces his fortune and sacrifices his father's fame in order to save thousands of existences. The author and many of the characters in the book seem to think he is doing a very fine and quixotic act—indeed, behaving as an "English gentleman." Tut, tut! I like Valentine (he is very good-looking, we are told), and I would not detract from his merit, but he only did what had to be done. He had no moral option, and honesty knows no nationality. Any Hottentot with a conscience would have behaved exactly as the most English of all gentlemen.

AT FOUR PER CENT.

THE GENTLEMAN OF NO OCCUPATION (*to another G. of N. O.*): Well, 'ere's another tharsand a year!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



AN AMERICAN IN SOCIETY: THE MEMORIES OF MR. MARTIN.*

Money Walks On and Receives. There was a day on which Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin said to his brother: "I have made up my mind that one day I will know most of the people here who are worth knowing." This when they were feeling just a little lonely in London. "I really meant what I said," writes our author, "and eventually I carried out my intention." Result—to the general—the publication of another book of Memoirs, sprinkled with famous names, which many will read and enjoy. Mr. Martin, in a word, has known all sorts and conditions of men and women—of the great world; and has been a recording angel. The money "touch" is necessarily in evidence in a work in which so much is said of Americans. Let us quote an instance or two. "The grandfather of the present Duchess of Roxburghe used to boast that he lived on the income of his income." And "I remember a hostess who paid a large sum of money to a French Duchess with an historic name solely for the great lady to 'walk on' at, or, rather, 'through,' her reception. The Duchess, to give her credit, did not keep the money, but gave it to the Church, and doubtless she was fully consoled for the penance she had undergone." A somewhat similar case has a less happy heart to it. A lady bearing a name very distinguished in France "was not happily married, but she wore her rue with dignity, and the fashionable world never suspected that differences existed, or that her husband was paid £2000 to stand by occasionally and help his wife to receive her guests."

A Ball to Help Trade; and Gas-Jets for the Hair. Then there is a defence of a ball of so costly a nature that outcry was made from a pulpit and elsewhere. Of this Mr. Martin says: "One morning at breakfast my brother remarked: 'I think it would be a good thing if we got up something; there seems to be a great deal of depression in trade; suppose we send out invitations for a concert.' 'And pray, what good will that do?' asked my sister-in-law. 'The money will only benefit foreigners. No, I've a better idea; let us give a costume ball at so short notice that our guests won't have time to get their dresses from Paris. That will give an impetus to trade that nothing else will.' Directly Mrs. Martin's plan became known, there was a regular storm of comment. . . . Threatening letters arrived by every post, debating societies discussed our extravagance, and last, but not least, we were burlesqued unmercifully on the stage." Which reminds us of another incident, noted in the volume, in connection with another — and earlier — ball, given by Mrs. Peter Lorillard Ronalda. "The hostess personated 'Music' and wore a wonderful white satin gown embroidered with bars of music from Verdi's 'Ballo in Maschera.' Her crown,

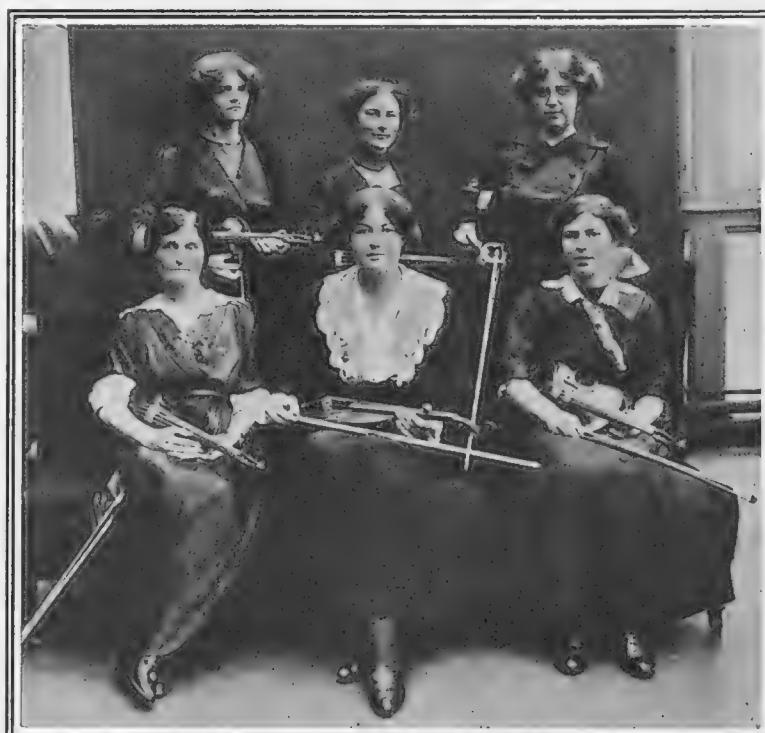
specially made in Paris, was formed of musical notes arranged round a harp illuminated with the tiniest gas-jets, which were supplied from a holder hidden in the hair. This made a great impression; the harp glowed and sparkled all the time that Mrs. Ronalda received her guests, and she only removed the meter when dancing began."

Peerage Americans; and a Royal Dinner of Borrowed Plats. As to the wedding of American girls with scions of the British aristocracy, Mr. Martin has ideas akin to those shown by a character in Sir Arthur Pinero's "Mind-the-Paint" Girl when discussing the marriage of actresses and peers' sons. "Just," he writes, "as marriage with favourites of the stage often infuses healthy plebeian blood into some deteriorated aristocratic stock, so marriage with American women infuses vitality, personality, beauty, and money into the peerage, although money is not always the factor in the case. The late Duchess of Manchester, Consuelo . . . was a penniless girl when she married the Duke. . . . I remember how she used to laugh over incidents in her early married life when she was excessively hard up. Consuelo told me that on one occasion when the late King dined with her, the dinner was practically provided by her friends, who contributed *plats* for the occasion. H.R.H. expressed himself as delighted with the dinner. 'And what is more,' he added, with a smile, 'I know exactly where all the dishes come from, for each lady has sent the one I always like served when I dine at her house.'"



STOLEN FROM A CHURCH IN ITALY, AND FOUND IN THE DOUBLE-BOTTOM OF A TRUNK AT CHARING CROSS STATION: A "MADONNA AND CHILD" BY PINTURICCHIO. This picture, now in the custody of the Italian Embassy in London, was stolen from the church of Santa Maria, at Spello, and was recovered from the double-bottom of a trunk seized the other day at Charing Cross Railway Station.

Photograph by Abeniacar.



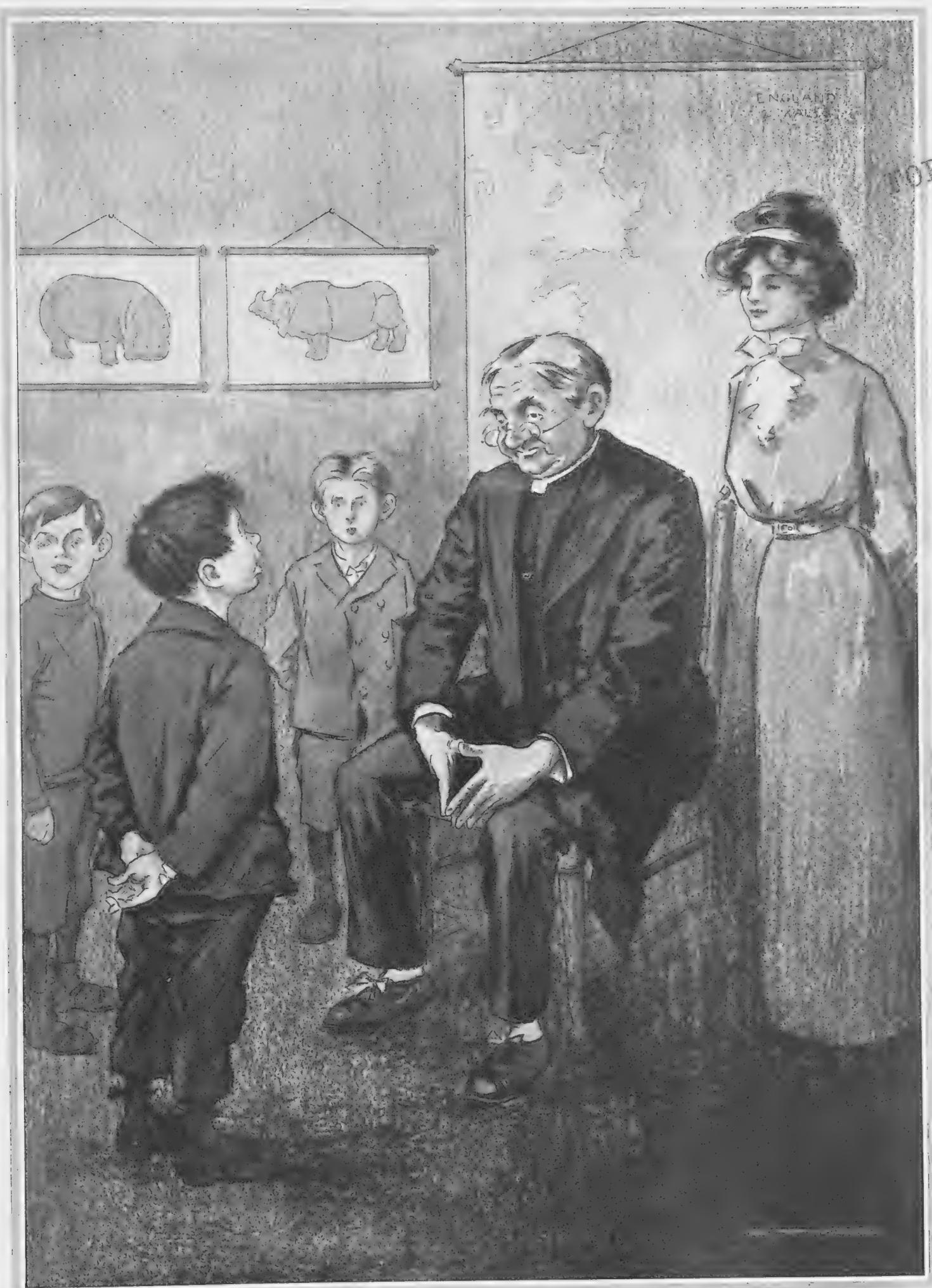
AN INNOVATION: THE SIX LADIES OF THE QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

At the first Symphony Concert this season at the Queen's Hall the other day ladies were seen in the orchestra for the first time. The idea is old as far as the provinces are concerned, but, save at the harp, no woman, it is said, had played in a leading London orchestra before the occasion noted. Sir Henry J. Wood chose the ladies from over fifty applicants.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

* "Things I Remember." By Frederick Townsend Martin. (Eveleigh Nash; 10s. 6d. net.)

The End of a Society Man. So Mr. Martin, with many a touch of gaiety and some of sadness. What may the end of social splendour be? There are times when it is pitiable. Came a day when a famous Society man, grown old, did not receive as many invitations as in the past and felt his position sorely. "One evening, in the height of the Season, he realised the dreadful fact that he had not been asked anywhere. This was a severe blow to one who looked upon Society as the breath of his nostrils, and the old man, who was too proud to go and sit in his club, wandered into the park, where he sat alone in the moonlight. From his chair he could hear the carriages as they passed and re-passed, taking people to dinners and balls, for at this hour London was in her most seductive mood. He could almost smell the roses on the staircases, and hear the soft strain of music in the ball-rooms; he fancied he saw the beautiful wearers of beautiful jewels, and the cold eyes of the stars seemed to mock his misery. Poor, forgotten old man! At last, kindly sleep closed his eyes, and perhaps he dreamt happily. But Slumber brought him a true friend, for Death had followed her, and when the sleeper woke, his night's vigil resulted in an attack of pneumonia, which carried him off in a few days."

THE BALD FACT.



72437 France

THE VICAR: Why don't you comb your hair before coming to school?

THE VICAR: Why don't you use your father's comb?

THE VICAR: Well, how does your father comb his hair, then?

THE BOY: Haven't got no comb, Sir.

THE BOY: Father hasn't got no comb, Sir.

THE BOY: Father hasn't got no hair, Sir.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE SUBALTERN AND THE BANKER.

By MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS, senior partner of the well-known firm of Williams and Williams, Army Agents and Bankers, sat in his sanctum reading correspondence.

It was a particularly stuffy morning. The heated, dust-laden air of the London streets invaded the office like a blast from the tropics. Sir George, mopping his rubicund countenance with a voluminous handkerchief, grunted discontentedly. His annual summer exodus to the sea was overdue, but until his partner returned he was doomed to remain on guard.

Mr. Brown, Sir George's confidential secretary, was an observant individual who knew his chief's moods to a nicety. With a deprecatory cough, he placed a packet on the desk and waited in silence. Had the head of the firm not insisted on seeing all letters himself, it is certain that his factotum would not have chosen that morning for troubling him with the missive in question.

At a first glance the document—whatever it might prove to be—certainly offered no promise of a rapid perusal. The banker, adjusting his glasses, smoothed out the dozen sheets of manuscript and frowned with annoyance.

The secretary again coughed.

Sir George looked up interrogatively.

" You had better read the covering letter first, Sir," ventured Mr. Brown.

" Humph ! " grunted Sir George, fumbling for the sheet of ordinary note-paper which had escaped his notice. " Ah ! ' Frederick Carruthers, Lieutenant, Royal Grasshopper Regiment.' Wants a loan, I suppose."

" Yes, Sir ; but his methods are somewhat original, even for a subaltern. There can be but one answer, however, I presume ? "

" H'm ! . . . ' Gentlemen,—I wish to borrow anything up to a hundred pounds. If you will be so kind as to read the enclosed manuscript, it will sufficiently explain my reasons for wanting the loan. You will see that I have left a blank space for the entry of the amount you can let me have. If you will kindly fill this in, and then forward the manuscript direct to *The Sketch*, I shall be greatly obliged. As truth notoriously takes precedence of fiction, I am anxious that this tale shall be strictly true—although I hope that the editor will pay me at fiction rates.' . . . What on earth is he talking about, Mr. Brown ? " Leaning back limply in his chair, Sir George glared upwards at his secretary's heated face and scowled. " Is this—er—what is commonly designated a ' leg-pull ' ? "

" I don't quite know, Sir. I only glanced through the manuscript. It seemed to me to be a fiction tale written for the purpose of publication in a magazine."

A twinkle of grim humour suddenly appeared in Sir George's astute grey eyes, and the corners of his clean-shaven mouth curled with a suspicion of amusement.

" No doubt, Mr. Brown, you have noticed that fiction and a subaltern's bank-balance are somewhat akin ? " said he. " I presume that this young officer has no securities with us ? "

" Not a stiver, Sir. In fact, Sir, he wrote once to say that he did not sweat in India in order to support Williams and Williams."

" Ah ! " He glanced at a clock above the mantelpiece. " Well, I will read what he has to say. There is still half-an-hour before I am due for luncheon. I will ring when I want you, Brown."

A moment later, the secretary having softly departed, the banker lighted a cigarette, idly blew a cloud of smoke through his nostrils,

and picked up the manuscript. In his dealings with the world, he was a keen, shrewd man of business. That, however, did not prevent him from being possessed of a sense of humour. The sheer impudence of the proposition before him was astounding, but it thereby presented latent possibilities of amusement which might entertain his luncheon-party. Settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair, he began to read softly to himself—

" ' THE SUBALTERN AND THE BANKER.' . . . Gad, the fellow is a regular novelist ! . . . ' Not a breath of wind stirred. The parched, rank grass of the compound and the red earth of the long, straight road were as hot as if fresh from the ovens of Hades. The heat absorbed by the stone battlements of the fort during the day was cast forth during the long hours of the night with never-diminishing intensity. A full moon in a cloudless sky laughed down at the restless forms of human beings. A giant cobra, coiled in the warm dust of the road, slept peacefully. Jumnapore Fort in the hot weather was a favourite haunt of snakes—and meant, no doubt, by Providence for such only. The ladies had gone to the hills. All those who could get leave had followed them.'

" Side by side, their camp-beds touching, lay two subalterns. A punkah, common to both beds, swished monotonously to and fro. One punkah each was an extravagance only meant for field officers and memsahibs.

" Presently the punkah's gyrations began to wane, then ceased altogether. Within five minutes the wretched occupants of the beds were bathed in perspiration. (It may be mentioned that the thermometer stood at 112 degrees Fahr.)

" With a growl of anger, Lieutenant Carruthers rolled out of bed and darted across the verandah. The punkah coolie, flat on his back, with the rope tied to his great-toe, was snoring like a pig. Unfortunately, such an occurrence was no unusual event. A bucket of water for that very contingency had been placed in readiness. In a moment the bucket was capsized, and the native returned to life with amazing celerity.

" But there was no more sleep for the wretched Carruthers that night. Tossing from one side of his bed to the other, he tried every conceivable trick known to him to allure the favour of Morpheus, but without effect. At last the jeering moon sank behind the purple hills, and the greyness of daylight replaced the silvery night. Another long, dreary day of blistering heat was at hand ! "

Sir George wiped his forehead, sighed sympathetically, and unbuttoned his waistcoat.

" Freddie Carruthers, unrefreshed by his night's so-called rest, left his bed and sought a long arm-chair on the verandah. A few minutes later his bearer, with his *chota hazari* of tea and toast and bananas, shuffled across from the kitchen. Presently the gardener, with clanking watering-cans, began his round amongst the pots of crotons and ferns. Then a syce, leading a little chestnut Arab, appeared from round the corner.

" " " Hullo, Freddie ! " yawned a voice from within. " You're off early this morning."

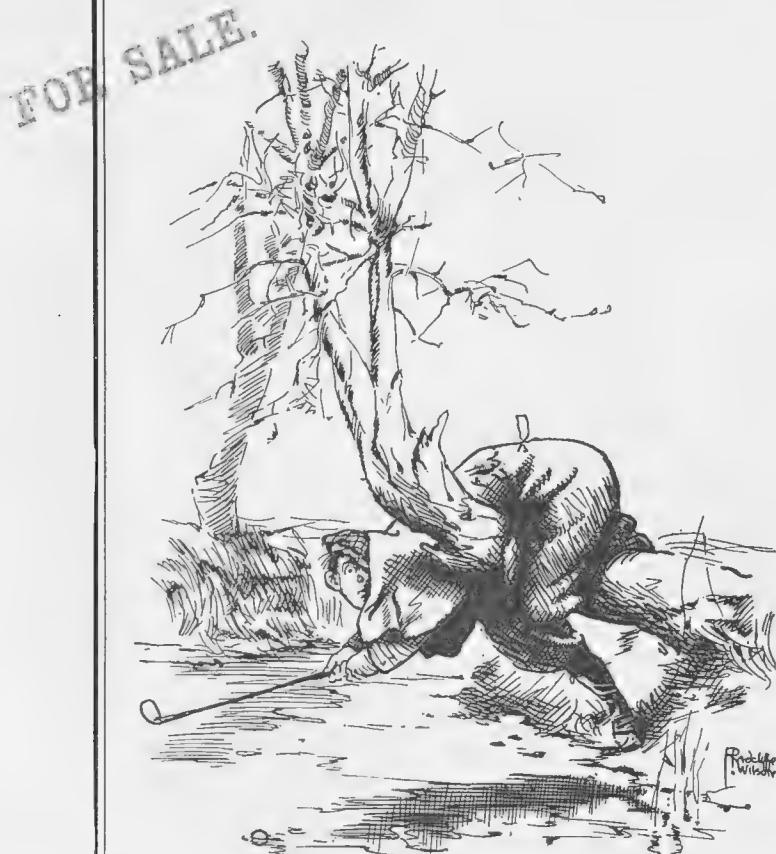
" " " Yes, old boy. I want to get a breather before parade," replied Freddie wearily. " I haven't slept a wink—got a touch of fever, I think. Besides, I've been worrying a lot. Old Bidi Chand, the shroff, has been pressing me for payment. I shall have to sell my pony, I expect."

" " " Sell Moselle ! " A figure in pink pyjamas sauntered on to the verandah. " What rot ! Let us interview the old scoundrel together. I will sign a promissory note with you, if necessary."

" " " Thanks awfully, old chap. But why should I drag you into

[Continued overleaf.]

THREE OF THEM.



THE CHEERY GOLFER: Just a jiffy, old man, I've got this
for a half.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



HER HUSBAND: We shall see you 'unger-strikin' next time, Sal.
His WIFE: Ho, no, not 'unger—a thirst strike now, that's me;
(dreamily) an' then p'raps they'd forcible drink me . . . ah!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



MARIA (discussing precedence among royal guests): I 'ear 'as 'ow there's some talk o' some o' these tuppenny-a'penny German Princes goin' in
before our aristocracy—well, they may put up with it, but if that was me I'd 'ave a say in that, an' chance it.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

my troubles?" answered Freddie. Lighting a cigarette, he sighed lugubriously. "I wish I had a father."

"Even fathers cannot always avail, old cock. I possess one myself—a country parson with eight children. He is a dear old father; but when it comes to finance—well, well, there, there! He simply can't help."

"Flicking the ash from his cigarette, Freddie gazed sadly for some moments towards the hills beyond the river. A couple of crows, noting his abstraction, pounced upon his toast and departed with discordant cries of triumph.

"Look here," cried Freddie's stable-companion, "we'll see old Chand together." Raising his voice, he shouted across the compound, "Heigh, there, Abdul!"

"A moment later, the old bearer hastened into the bungalow.

"Tell Bidi Chand to come here at noon to-day," ordered Lieutenant Sharp.

"Hah, Sahib," replied Abdul, retreating noiselessly.

Punctually upon the stroke of twelve, the money-lender and the assistant who invariably accompanied his master as a witness crossed the compound. Freddie and Sharp, ensconced in long chairs beneath the punkah, watched his approach with guttural grunts of disgust. Abdul, silent-footed and solemn, preceded the visitor.

"According to order, Sahib, that pig-dog Bidi Chand stands without," announced Abdul.

Freddie, whose fevered head seemed to be opening and shutting like a concertina, emitted a heartfelt groan.

"Show the beast in, Abdul," said he.

The next moment a little ferret-eyed, wizen-faced individual, salaaming almost to the ground, took up a safe position near the edge of the verandah.

"Now then, old blood-sucker," intervened Sharp, "I want to talk to you. Carruthers sahib is ill this morning. What is all this fuss about a small loan of fifteen hundred rupees?"

"I making no fuss, Sahib," pleaded the shroff softly. "But my master at Delhi, he waiting for money."

"My good ass," cried Sharp, "we have all heard that tale before. What interest are you getting?"

"Only two per cent, a month, Sahib," whined the money-lender. "And no security, Sahib."

"You've got my note-of-hand, you old Shylock!" shouted Freddie angrily.

The shroff imperceptibly shrugged his shoulders, and his beady eyes sought the matting. Then he shot a furtive glance at Sharp's heated countenance.

"If you, Sahib," ventured he, "would give your signature also—"

Freddie sprang to his feet suddenly.

"Here, out you go!" exclaimed he. "When I want to ask for another Sahib's help, I'll ask. I will write to my London bankers to-day to cable me the money. You shall be paid in full in about three weeks. Until then you can go to the devil!"

Bidi Chand was on his feet in a second. He had no wish to be kicked. Also, if any good business was to be done, it was obvious that another day would have to be chosen. The next minute the creak of his slippers could be heard echoing down the road.

"Heavens, it's hot!" sighed Freddie. "If I have to sell Moselle, I can't think how I am to get about my work for the next three months. Besides, the little mare wouldn't fetch more than five hundred rupees. I am afraid that was rather a bold statement of mine about writing to Williams's."

"No harm in writing, old chap," urged Sharp. "They were rather stuffy, though, when I wrote last. I ventured to say that I should look a bit of a fool if I died and had anything to my credit with them. I wish I could get that confounded boss secretary of theirs out here now—I would make him sweat a bit. He is sitting now within a mile of Piccadilly Circus in comfort, the swab! Here, you punkah coolie—*kincho!*"

Sir George's mouth curled with amusement. Dropping the manuscript, he lighted a cigarette.

"They don't seem to appreciate Brown," chuckled he. "I wonder whether he has read this. Er—twenty-four per cent. seems a bit steep. What a beastly place it seems, too. Humpf!"

Meditatively picking up the manuscript, he glanced at the clock, and resumed reading—

"I suppose I had better write it now," said Freddie. "The post goes early to-morrow, and my temperature may be anything by then. I had better write while I can. What shall I say?"

"H'm!"

"By Jove, I've got it!" cried Freddie. "You shall write it into a story. You can do it, top-hole. Tell my tale of woe as if it were fiction. I will write a covering letter. You can sell the story, with a bit of luck, and do me a good turn as well."

Sharp's face suddenly broke into a smile of delight.

"Do you think our old friend Sir George Williams is likely to be more softened by fiction than by truth? I expect he's a dry old stick."

"But it must not be real fiction. Describe things truly. I

met Sir George once. He struck me as being quite capable of appreciating a sporting situation—also to have a decided sense of humour. Besides, old chap, he may have a son who gets into scrapes sometimes."

"Ah!" grunted Sir George. "The boy is certainly no mean judge of character. 'Sporting'—A decided sense of humour.' H'm! A boy like that deserves to get on. Poor lads! One fatherless, and the other the son of a poor country rector." For some moments he gazed abstractedly through the open window to where the tops of the 'buses could be seen rushing westwards. The memory of a certain iced beverage at his club and the coolness of the green lawns at Ranelagh recurred to him. Then, his thoughts returning with a jump to that heated verandah in Jumnapore, he readjusted his glasses.

"All right, Freddie. You take a whopping big dose of quinine and go to bed. I'll see what I can do."

In another few minutes nothing could be heard but the squeaking of Sharp's pen and the frou-frou of the punkah. Freddie, with a temperature of 104, was lying in the throes of ague.

For some hours neither man nor beast stirred. The heat of noonday on the plains of India admits of little action. Sharp, however, dripping with perspiration from every pore, laboured manfully on.

At five o'clock the bearer arrived with tea, and the clanking of watering-cans from the garden again smote the ear. Freddie Carruthers, now in the sweating stage of his attack, was feeling better. Drinking his tea languidly, he lay beneath the punkah, thinking of English fields and the river in July.

"Finished!" shouted Sharp suddenly. "Here you are! I have even written your covering letter. All you have to do is to sign." Mopping his face with a towel, the literary aspirant rose from his desk, and planted himself at the foot of Freddie's bed. "Listen to this—

The wealthy banker, having perused his Indian mail, called for his electric brougham and repaired to his club. It was the luncheon hour. A bottle of iced hock awaited him. Fresh asparagus, salmon mayonnaise, and—"

"Heigh—steady, old boy!" interrupted Freddie. "I can't stand that. Just compare it with the filthy tinned stuff and tough cow that we get to feed on here. I cannot bear the thought of it. Just skip all that!"

"All right. Well, I merely go on to say that the banker, although replete with money, could not enjoy one atom of his *recherché* luncheon for thinking of those who were defending the confines of the Empire for his benefit, etc."

"It sounds jolly like fiction, old cock!" grunted Freddie.

"Never mind. Be calm, and listen. The repentant banker thereupon calls the waiter and orders a cablegram form to be produced at once—if not sooner. Within a few minutes the message is sent, crediting to Lieutenant Frederick Carruthers the sum of £—."

Freddie grunted incredulously.

"But mark the result," cried Sharp. "The banker's appetite returns on the spot. And here ends the tale of the impecunious subaltern and the banker."

"Heavens, how my head aches!" groaned Freddie.

"THE END."

Sir George dropped the manuscript and studied the ceiling for some minutes in thought. Then he touched the electric bell at his elbow.

Mr. Brown immediately stood at the threshold.

"Send a cable to our Bombay agents to credit Mr. Carruthers with the sum of a hundred pounds," said Sir George. "There are more grains of truth amongst this chaff than perhaps you imagine."

The secretary stood for a moment as if to speak. But, Sir George failing to see him, he retired, shaking his head in perplexity.

Chuckling to himself, the senior partner of Williams and Williams then erased his name from the manuscript before him, and substituted that of "Smith." He also did not fail to fill in the figure of £100, as requested. Then he folded the papers carefully, enclosed them in an envelope, and addressed it to the editor.

"I wonder," murmured he, as he meditatively brushed his silk hat, "if that poor boy really has fever at the present moment. What a poisonous place India must be in this weather!" Fanning his face with the hat, he slowly descended the stairs. "Ugh! it is hot enough here in London for most people! I wonder which of those two boys actually wrote that tale—Carruthers, I imagine."

It was some three weeks later that Lieutenant Carruthers, of the Grasshopper Regiment, might have been seen staring incredulously at an open letter.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated he. "Sharp's story has worked the trick. Good old Williams and Williams! I really believe they have saved my life. I'll give Bidi Chand a thousand dibs, and have a fortnight in the hills with the remainder. By Jupiter, Sir George Williams *must* be a sportsman! I hope Sharp sells his story as well. Cheer oh!"

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

W.H.

GOLF IN THREE LANDS : BIG ACHIEVEMENTS IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA.

68 at Stoke Poges.

Some difficult problems of comparison arise when the merits of recent achievements on golf courses in different countries are considered.

In France, in England, and in America some very remarkable things have been done during the last few days, and I only mention France the first because with mine own eyes I saw what was done there, and,

with a little prejudice on that account, perhaps, am disposed to give it best for quality. We shall see; but in the meantime the excellent golfing people who are attached to the Stoke Poges Club may invite the question as to whether, among all the flourishes by the amateurs of late, there has been anything finer than that of Mr. R. H. de Montmorency at the autumn meeting there, when he did the round in an amazing 68, and by doing it beat both the amateur and professional records of the course by three clear strokes—Mr. Robert Harris being the previous holder of the amateur distinction, and Harry Vardon the professional record-holder, both at 71. In getting his 68, Mr. de Montmorency had five threes and a two in his round, and though there have been many wonderful things done by amateurs in stroke-play this year, one cannot recall anything so good as this, because it is not as if Stoke Poges were a course that is not much played over by the very best amateurs and professionals, and the records were not fined down to their lowest reasonable point. The professionals have had one of the qualifying competitions for their great autumn tournament there. Was it not at Rye, a little while since, that Mr. de Montmorency played some very remarkable golf of the record-breaking kind?—and is there any good reason to think that if this most brilliant of amateurs devoted himself more to the game than he does, and appeared less seldom in public events, he would be very much inferior to the best professionals?

RECORD-MAKER AND PRIZE-WINNER AT STOKE POGES : MR. R. H. DE MONTMORENCY, WHO WENT ROUND IN 68 RECENTLY.

At the Autumn Meeting of the Stoke Poges Golf Club the other day Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, who is a master at Eton, played some remarkably fine golf. He won the first prize with a score of 68 plus 4 = 72, his figures being:—Out : 4, 3, 3, 4, 5, 5, 2, 4, 5—35 ; Home : 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4—33. Total, 68. Previously both the amateur record for the course (made by Mr. Robert Harris) and the professional (by Harry Vardon) stood at 71. Mr. de Montmorency also won the Scratch Challenge Cup presented by Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, and the first prize for the best aggregate score under handicap.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

can Ladies' Championship, which was played for at Wilmington, Delaware. It was the British champion of last year, Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, who beat an American player, Miss Marion Hollins, in the final. The weather was wet, and the play was not particularly brilliant, but we must consider the result to be good. It was a queer business, though. The reigning lady champion of our own country, Miss Muriel Dodd, who had won the Canadian laurels a few days previously, was naturally keen on taking the "triple crown"—the British, Canadian, and American championships all in one season—as only Miss Dorothy Campbell as was (Mrs. Hurd as is) has ever done. Miss Dodd reached the semi-final in this important affair at Wilmington, and then came a most fearful cropper in her match with Miss Ravenscroft, being beaten eight and seven in a single round. Miss Ravenscroft laid her opponent two stymies and holed a long putt in the first four holes, and these things do make a difference. Miss Dodd has splendid fighting qualities, but she seems to have thought that things were going against her altogether too rapidly, and to have cracked pretty badly. However, the importance of what has happened lies in the fact that, of all

the aggressions by American players on British championships and those of British players on the American events in this most internationally featured of all golfing seasons, this by one of our lady players is the only one that has succeeded, and the sex that makes the full and graceful swings is well entitled to the credit. In one sense it seems a pretty equalisation of things for Miss Dodd to win the Canadian Championship, and her friend the other; and Miss Ravenscroft, anyhow, is the first English girl to succeed in the States; but there is no "triple crown" for anybody, and Mrs. Hurd's record remains untouched. Some day a girl player may win the British and either the Scottish or the new English Ladies' Championship that is to be started, and then she may have a dash not merely for a triple, but a quintuple crown. Having captured these two to begin with, she will have cleared the most dangerous obstacles, and there are three other recognised championships which might come her way much easier—the French, the Canadian, and the American. I feel sure that the idea of being a quintuple champion has entered the heads of some of the lady players already. Unkind fortune has denied Miss Cecil Leitch so much that it should



WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES : MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT (BROMBOROUGH).

Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, of the Bromborough (Cheshire) Golf Club, British Champion 1912, won the Women's Golf Championship of the United States the other day by defeating Miss Marion Hollins, of Westbrook, by two holes in the final, played at Wilmington, Delaware. Miss Ravenscroft's score was 86; Miss Hollins', 91.

Photograph by Sport and General.



RUNNER-UP FOR THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES : MISS MARION HOLLINS (WESTBROOK).

Photograph by Sport and General.

have given her, that perhaps this distinction is reserved for her.

Achievements at Chantilly. No doubt it is this discussion on ladies' golf that has thrown what I declared to be the most important thing of all perilously near to a postscript—meaning the Open Championship of France that was played for at Chantilly the other day. It embraced four remarkable features. It was the first championship of France ever played for on any other course than that of the Société de Golf de Paris at La Boule; it had far and away the biggest entry on record—seventy-two; it was won by George Duncan by a most brilliant display less than a week after his great success at Walton Heath; and—this

being the most marvellous thing of all—an amateur, Mr. H. D. Gillies, led the whole of that field of the most towering professional strength. He just failed to stand the strain to the very end, but I doubt if such a wonderful thing of its kind has ever been done by an amateur before, and it will have to be discussed again.

HENRY LEACH.



THE EARL OF CARRICK : THE ALHAMBRA : THE PAVILION.



TO BE THE MAID OF ORLEANS AT THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "JOAN OF ARC" AT COVENT GARDEN : MISS LILLIAN GRANFELT.

Mr. Raymond Röze will open his season of English opera on Nov. 1, with his own "Joan of Arc."—[Photograph by Tillman.]



THE MAID OF ORLEANS FOR THE SECOND PERFORMANCE OF "JOAN OF ARC" MISS MARTA WITTKOWSKA. Miss Wittkowska, it may be noted, started her professional career as a pure contralto, and is now a soprano. Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



TO PRODUCE HIS OPERA, "JOAN OF ARC," AT COVENT GARDEN ON NOV. 1 : MR. RAYMOND RÖZE, WHO IS GIVING AN ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

Photograph by Harris.

THE tremendous thrill has been forthcoming on the music-hall stage, and the Coliseum is duly profiting by the engagement of it. It is not the first by any means, for a Russian Princess has often acted at the Coliseum, but it is the appearance of an Irish peer at the head of his own company, and playing for a sum that is to be distributed by the charitably disposed. The piece is called "Colonel Cleveland, V.C.", and comes from the pens of Mr. A. F. Owen-Lewis and Mr. Eille Norwood. It is far from being a light and airy trifle, but is submerged in sombre colouring from the start. The old Colonel, who is played by the Irish peer, is a somewhat disagreeable old person. He lives with his daughter, Miss Maud Cleveland, to whom he appears to administer mild rebukes on trivial provocation. He has agreed to dispose of his Victoria Cross and three other jewels at a sale that is taking place that afternoon, and hands these treasures safely over to Sergeant Silver, who calls for them in the course of the day. The Sergeant is a stern old warrior, whose life was saved by the old man many years ago when he won the great distinction, and there is a devastating scene when the V.C. hands over to the devoted attendant the treasured jewels for the purpose of sale. In the meantime, however, a doctor has announced his love for the young lady. He goes, and returns before he is expected, bringing with him the jewels, which he has purchased. He proposes, is accepted, and the jewels are restored to their wonted place. This brings back the old man, rather annoyed to find that the doctor has returned before his time. But the tale is told to him, and all ends happily for all concerned.

The Earl of Carrick, the hero of and his Company. The part of the Victoria Cross is played with due solemnity by the Earl of Carrick, who takes all steps to make it impressive and weighty, and is distinctly successful in his efforts. Miss Mary Jerrold is quite natural in the character of his daughter; while the part of the doctor is played with much intensity by Mr. Franklin Dyall, and the character of the Sergeant is interpreted satisfactorily by Mr. Clifford Brooke. The piece goes well, and should serve effectively as a means of making money for a good cause. It was arranged to run it at the Coliseum for a fortnight.

A New Fulness. The new revue at the Alhambra has quite reorganised the house. "Keep Smiling" is a thoroughly enjoyable show, and keeps on drawing into the house crowds of people whose accession to the Alhambra has till now been more than noticeably lax. It is quite wonderful to notice the change that has taken place, and the crowds that are collected at every performance; and Mr. A. Charlot and M. V. Leveaux, as well as Messrs. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox and L. E. Berman, are deserving of the highest praise for the actual taxing of the capacities of the theatre by the audiences which their entertainment draws together.

The Staircase Scene. Mr. Robert Hale still continues to build up his part, and is gradually modelling it into something quite colossal, full of variety, and fraught with the highest flights of fancy. His final triumph

as the conductor of the orchestra is thoroughly well achieved, and he deserves almost as much as he gets. But he is very well backed, and all the performers on the staircase have gradually worked themselves into a state of perfection which it would be difficult to defeat, the final scenes being particularly successful. Miss Mossetti's performance, like the rest of her work, is full of careful thought and execution; while all the others who take part in the performance on the stairs are full of fun and picturesqueness, and succeed in giving performances which are hard to emulate. There can be very little doubt that in this piece the Alhambra has secured a source of attraction which will last for a considerable time, and it is to be sincerely congratulated.

A New Farce. The Pavilion has succeeded in giving its patrons quite a good "turn." The little sketch entitled

"Hoo-Ray," as played by Mr. Henry Clive and Miss Mabel Bunyea, is full of quiet fun which succeeds in "getting there" with undoubted force. Mr. Clive comes on with a store of quiet humour, and, fearful of the anticipated entry of Miss Bunyea, proceeds to introduce a barrel-organ behind a screen which is to perform the accompaniment of her song when she consents to sing it, he having gaily pretended that he has been studying music in a remote part of Germany when he has done nothing of the kind. She proceeds to sing a well-known rag-time ballad skilfully enough, and then persuades him to accompany her on another, which he does with the assistance of the men behind. So satisfied is she with his performance that she produces a cheque for twenty thousand pounds from her uncle, and all is well. This little sketch is very bright indeed, and seems to have a joyful influence over frequenters of the "Pav." Among other attractions there are Mark Sheridan, and Graham Moffat with his Scottish Players, who appear in "The Concealed Bed."

ROVER.



A DANCER IN WHOSE CAREER QUEEN ALEXANDRA IS INTERESTED : MME. KARINA, WHO IS TO DANCE DURING THE ENGLISH OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE SALON : ECONOMIN : NEXT YEAR'S DAIMLERS : A SHORT CUT AT CHESTERFIELD.

The French Show

If our friends the French manufacturers thought to steal a march upon us in this country by preceding with their Salon our own

Olympia Exhibition, I fancy, from what I hear from those who exhibited under the roof of the Grand Palais, that the business to be done and the attendance at Olympia will not suffer in one jot or tittle from the precedence of the French Show. I imagine that it would be difficult to find anyone who went from this country intent on purchasing a French or other foreign-built car in Paris. Practically every French car firm of eminence is represented or has its representatives on this side of the Channel, and must in self-defence show their new models, if they have any new ones, at Olympia. This is so well known to the motor-purchasing public here that intending purchasers are assuredly waiting for the display at West Kensington before they settle their choice. Only those British manufacturers—like Messrs. Rolls-Royce, the Sunbeam Motor Company, and one or two others—whose cars have some vogue in France were represented at the Salon; and, save for one or two cases, the French makers who confine themselves to a Continental business showed no departure which could be called a departure in design.

Yet Another Fuel. "Economin" is the hopeful name of a new fuel which the Economin Fuel Syndicate, Ltd., of 6, Old Jewry, E.C., have submitted to a test carried out under the rigid purview of the Royal Automobile Club. So far as the facts set out in the certificate go, the fuel is all a motor fuel ought to be, for, compared with similar tests made with Shell No. 1, it is a shade better on all counts, but particularly in the amount of carbon-deposit after a run of 1000 miles, where Economin accounted for 32·4 grs. and Shell No. 1 for 53·4 grs. The same carburettor and the same adjustment were used for both fuels, the car being a 15-h.p. (18·8 R.A.C. rating) Straker-Squire, running weight 23·4 cwt., so that both spirits had the advantage of employing one of our best and most up-to-date cars. Economin, it is said, "consists of 80 per cent. paraffin mixed with 20 per cent. of other chemicals." No explanation is vouchsafed as to whence it comes and how it can be obtained. For such enlightenment we must await further information. The very important matter of price has yet to be made known.

The Daimlers of 1914.

The Daimler Company, Ltd., of London and Coventry, will put four types of car upon the market for 1914. These will be the 20-h.p. four-cylinder, the 30-h.p. four-cylinder, the 30-h.p. six-cylinder, and the Special Daimler six-cylinder. The car which will attract special attention at Olympia, particularly if a chassis is shown, will be the 20-h.p., with its four-cylinder sleeve-valve engine, 90 mm. bore by 130 mm. stroke, and developing 36-h.p. at 1500 engine revolutions per minute. As usual with Daimler cars, the 20-h.p. will have the admirable Lanchester worm-drive, to the back axle, and a three, or for choice a four, speed gearbox. A chassis with the latter will cost another £20, and it will be worth it. As a special feature, differentiating it from its more powerful brethren, this car will have cantilever springs to the back wheels, and as, with the full equipment, it will weigh only 20 cwt., it should make a remarkably free-running and lively car, capable of going anywhere and doing anything. The standard equipment "A" on the 20-h.p., which, with a four-speed gear-box, includes dynamo electric-light outfit, head, side, and tail lamps, and electric starter, costs £450.

Progressive Chesterfield.

Quietly and unostentatiously, the

Roads Improvement Association carries on the good work which, ill equipped with funds, it has striven so hard to carry out since its inception back in the cycling age. Amongst other things which its influence has brought about is the application of the Chesterfield Borough Council to the Local Government Board for permission to borrow £2100 for the construction of a new road which, when completed, will enable motorists to drive from Derby to Matlock without threading the narrow and tortuous streets of Chesterfield. The proposed road will commence about a mile south of Chesterfield, and, crossing fields on the south side of the town, will form the main road to Matlock, Chatsworth, Buxton, and Manchester. It will save about two miles from point to point, while avoiding the town as mentioned above.



THE AIRMAN WHO SET OUT TO FLY FROM PARIS TO CAIRO WITH A PASSENGER : M. PIERRE D'AUCOURT.

M. D'Aucourt, with M. Henri Roux as passenger, started a remarkable flight from Paris last week in an endeavour to fly from France to Cairo. The route arranged, much of which is over practically desert country, was from Paris to Constantinople, by way of Schaffhausen, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest; through Asia Minor and Palestine; and so into Africa. It was arranged that in Asia Minor the airman should follow the Baghdad Railway for 650 miles, and then the railway under construction to Alexandretta; and that then he should proceed by following railways as far as Jaffa; and then the coast-line; finally following the railway again from Port Said to Cairo. The total distance is about 3000 miles. The airman's machine is a standard two-seater Borel monoplane, with an 80-h.p. Gnome engine.

Photograph by Topical.

application of the Chesterfield Borough Council to the Local Government Board for permission to borrow £2100 for the construction of a new road which,



YOUR ATTENTION OR YOUR TYRES! CUSTOMS OFFICERS ON THE FRANCO-BELGIAN FRONTIER WITH THEIR "PORCUPINE" FOR "ARRESTING" MOTOR-CARS WHICH REFUSE TO STOP.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The road will run from east to west, but a similar road is just as badly needed from north to south. It is to be hoped that that enterprising body, the Chesterfield Borough Council, will be recouped their expenditure on this object from the funds of the Road Board.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. HILDA CHICHESTER: MR. VICTOR SEYMOUR CORKRAN, C.V.O.

Mr. Corkran has been Comptroller of the Household of Princess Henry of Battenberg since 1909. He was born in 1873; and he has been Assistant Private Secretary to Sir William Harcourt (when Chancellor of the Exchequer), and to Earl Cadogan (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), Private Secretary to Earl Beauchamp (Governor of New South Wales), Private Secretary to Earl Cadogan, and Comptroller of the Household of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Earl of Dudley).

Photograph by Mayall.



TO MARRY VISCOUNT COMBERMERE TO - MORROW (OCT. 30): MISS HAZEL AGNEW.

Miss Agnew is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Henry de Courcy Agnew and of Mrs. Edmund Charrington.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO LADY IDINA SACKVILLE: MR. DAVID EUAN WALLACE.

Mr. Wallace, of Glassingall, Dunblane, is in the 2nd Life Guards.

Photograph by Lafayette.

POLITICIANS are not often grammarians. But Lord Derby might conceivably defend himself from the strictures passed on a saying of his the other day at Accrington. What he said was this: "We have got, at the next election, to give the third, and I hope the last, death-blow to Home Rule." Whereat a Manchester journal smiles that Home Rule has "as many lives as a Kilkenny cat," and a London evening paper (edited by an Irishman) labels Lord Derby's dictum "Irish." But that's internationally unfair—if there is any bull in the question, it is a John Bull. And Lord Derby, that typical Englishman, should not take the reproof lying down, for in another column of the very same paper we read of an inquest on a man who had three wounds, "any one of which would have proved fatal."

The Freeman-Mitford.

The engagement of his son to Fräulein von Fried-Lander Fuld is quite in keeping with Lord Redesdale's own cosmopolitan prepossessions. He glories in the name of Freeman; of a man freed from any suspicion of narrow insularity. His wanderings in the Diplomatic world ranged from St. Petersburg to China—China in the days when, without railway or wire, the representatives of Foreign Powers experienced the "splendid isolation" that tried their quality to the full. He went to Tokio in 1886, so that his "Tales of Old Japan" are the

records of an eye-witness. But Lord Redesdale, during all the years of his residence abroad, has not lost his love of England, and his grip on London. His tall figure, as straight as a dart, is one of the most familiar in the town; an incorrigible Tory, he looks with distrust upon the altering aspect of London. "If it must be altered, let me have the doing of it" is rather the attitude of a man who, in the matter, at any rate, of its open spaces, has very definite principles of arrangement.

German Brides and German Bricks.

Lord Redesdale knows too much about foreign cities, Japanese gardens, and the whole Eastern sense of the fitness of things to be very happy when the Office of Works hands out its contracts for the "improvement" of London. The famous rhododendrons

he planted in Hyde Park, and the making of the Dell on the eastern end of the Serpentine afford us a taste of his own quality in one branch of the work that is revolutionising the town. The difficulty, of course, is to keep London like London, to make changes without making any change—to be, as Lord Redesdale would put it, not a jerry-builder, but a Tory-builder. While he delights in Oriental design, he would never let it loose in London, and he has no love of the Classicalism that is making Berlin ridiculous. Lord Redesdale is very content that he is to have a German daughter-in-law; but she must leave her architecture behind her.

"Granted." Lord Waleran at the end of sixty active years is still an optimist. He has had everything he wanted; that is to say, nearly everything. For he still kicks a little against the bit of bad luck by which, when a crack rifle-shot, he just missed winning the Queen's Prize. As a Tory Chief Whip he had it all his own way, even when Ascot once emptied the House, but left him on a snap-division a majority of four. Even when he had to leave the cockpit of politics, and take a new name, he found one that hardly troubled his friends with any great exercise of the tongue; and the disadvantage hardly counted if he sometimes found himself absent-mindedly signing letters and cheques by the old Walron instead of the new Waleran.



A KITCHENER MAN: GENERAL SIR BEAUCHAMP DUFF, APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

General Duff, who was born in 1855, has spent the greater part of his service in India. It has not been his lot to hold high command in the field, but he has seen active service with distinction and has filled some of the most important appointments in India.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



ENGAGED TO MR. VICTOR SEYMOUR CORKRAN: THE HON. HILDA CHICHESTER.

Miss Chichester, who is the only daughter of Victoria, Lady Templemore, and half-sister of the present Lord Templemore, was Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Henry of Battenberg some six months ago. She was born in 1875. She is a cousin by marriage of her future husband. Her mother was known before her wedding as Lady Victoria Ashley, eldest daughter of that Lord Shaftesbury who won so enviable a name as a philanthropist. Her own popularity is great. The wedding is likely to take place in December.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MISS HAZEL AGNEW TO-MORROW (OCT. 30): VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.

Lord Combermere, the fourth holder of the Viscountcy and a Baronet, was born in June 1887, and succeeded when he was eleven.

Photograph by Beresford.



ENGAGED TO MR. DAVID EUAN WALLACE: LADY IDINA SACKVILLE.

Lady (Myra) Idina Sackville is the elder of Lord de la Warr's daughters and was born in 1893.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

The "In and Outs."

Sir Richard Sutton has again been disturbing the Clubland of which he is so tranquil a member. A year ago the word went round that he was to claim as his own the Naval and Military—to blackball all the members, so to speak, and to live there in solitary state. Instead, he became a member; and the club breathed freely again. Moreover, as Sir Richard belongs to two other clubs in Piccadilly, and so has the run of three establishments therein, it was thought the matter would subside. Judicious secretaries said little and Sir Richard said less, so that the notion that clubmen, generally speaking, know nothing about their own affairs was justified. At any rate, it is only now that the Naval and Military's neighbours are convinced that the "In and Out" is soon to be nothing but the "Out."



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Borrowing Plumes. There is no mistaking the fact that the East and the West are exchanging costumes. The Occident, to be sure, has always hankered after the brilliance, the colour, the grace of the Orient, but not till nearly the end of the last century did Asia boldly adopt European dress. Now it would seem to be a sign of their progress. So we have yellow Chinese and ivory Japanese, swarthy Hindus and brown Malays, all figuring in black cloth and hideous hats, while the richer and more progressive of their women-folk are adopting Paris frocks and stiff English "tailor-mades." There is even a revolution on hand in Turkey to unveil Moslem womankind and to cast the yashmak into the limbo of disused symbols. And this, singularly enough, coincides with a new fashion, already taken up by certain elegant Parisians and Americans, for wearing a modified Eastern veil which conceals the lower part of the face and leaves the eyes and brows uncovered. Moreover, the Western woman revels in Japanese kimonos and Chinese embroidered coats, just as her menkind wear these Oriental garments in the privacy of their homes. And the influence of the Orient—the Near East as well as the Far East—is so marked to-day that many a modish woman, dressed to conquer, might have stepped straight out of the pages of an illustrated "Arabian Nights," so redolent is she of Persia or Syria, of India and far Cathay. It is obvious that, in the most literal sense, we are all occupied, at the present hour, in borrowing each other's plumes.

The Real Diana of the Crossways. It was part of Mere-

dith's genius that you are made to feel the charm of the famous, but unlucky, woman who figured so largely in Early Victorian Society, and this in spite of her terribly stilted and abstruse conversation. Even busy statesmen and great editors prefer women to be natural, yet some of the dinner-table conversations recorded in "Diana of the Crossways" convey the impression of a preciousity hardly to be endured. Probably Mrs. Norton's conversation was not without its more intimate and humorous side; yet she impressed casual people, like Lord Clarendon, as being "tiresome." She was, he declares, "never natural for one moment, and affecting to be so much more wicked than there is the slightest call for." The last little touch is delicious, for, to a man of the world, there should be no exaggeration, even if you have thrown your cap over the mill. These contemporary impressions of famous personages are terribly disillusioning, yet even when reading them one should account for moods, personal prejudices and piques, the view always taken by cliques and coteries. For very few of us really live in the wide world. We are screened and walled round by the opinions of our own little set, so that it is an extraordinarily difficult feat to take a calm and unprejudiced view of our contemporaries. Even history is often written under like conditions, and the dictum that Macaulay's famous history was a "Whig pamphlet" is not without justification.

The Pheasant's Plat.

At the luncheon and dinner tables of the hour, if you do not talk of Ulster or the latest play, you argue passionately on the favourite *plat* of pheasants. Up to now we have been accustomed to look upon these agreeable fowl as food; now it is a question of what they feed on which is shaking English Society to its foundation. Yet anyone who has watched the rearing of pheasants knows that they are dainty eaters, and I should no more suspect them of a debased appetite for mangold-wurzel than I should suspect a member of the Bachelors' Club of a like taste. As a matter of fact, they are catered for much more delicately and scientifically than the members of most London clubs. At-stated hours, the keepers take round their specially prepared food to secluded "drives," and there, in strict silence and privacy, await the coming of the big brown birds, who will not eat if anyone is watching them. You must be well hidden, and stationed at a discreet distance from the diners, if you wish to watch them at their meal. Needless to say, their food is at once nourishing and fattening, as well as more tasty than the humble mangold-wurzel. Yet this question of private birds and farmers' fields is an age-long grievance. It was said to be one of the causes of the French Revolution that nobles and gentry owned monster dovecotes (some of these picturesque towers may still be seen to-day in French parks), and that the pigeons over-ran the farmers' crops and fed freely in every sense. So the peasant-farmer arose and burnt the château as well as the dovecote of his thoughtless seigneur, while the Revolutionary Tribunal made short work of their owner. We must hope that the succulent pheasant will not give rise to excesses of a like kind.

"To Meet Mr. and Mrs. G. Squirrel." If you fancy that

there is no adventure with woodland creatures to be found in London, you do not know the resources of the Regent's Park. It is, indeed, full of wild life, sometimes of a rare kind, and happy residents therein must be prepared to welcome occasionally the most singular

strangers. A heron and a kingfisher are both to be seen now and then in a garden which I know; while owls, in summer-time, make you think you are in Devonshire rather than near Baker Street. Here, the wild wood-pigeons of the park mingle with the much-petted, snow-white pouters and fantails who poke their inquisitive little beaks out of dovecotes. Then, if you are highly favoured, you will be asked to breakfast to meet Mr. and Mrs. Grey Squirrel, who scamper up to the dining-room window by means of a light ladder placed there for the express purpose, and having, after much amusing by-play, secured a monkey-nut, scamper furiously down again, hastening to bury their darling food in some secret spot. To be asked to meet the wild squirrels is an honour which is only accorded to those enthusiasts who love beasts and birds better than dull and commonplace human beings. And the squirrels seem, from their expression and demeanour, to understand the situation to a nicety.



"DONKEY'S EARS" AND OTHER MILLINERY À LA MODE: BLACK VELVET HATS AND TULLE CORSES.

The various items are described as follows:—1. A small black velvet hat, surrounded with a vertical trimming of black aigrettes, forming a coronet. 2. A black velvet toque which has a folded crown and stiff upturned brim with two large aigrettes branching out at either side. 3. A small "Tricorne" of black velvet and sweeping panaches of paradise plumes. 4. A hat of folded black velvet, with a huge brush composed of marabou feathers standing up in the front. 5. A hat of black velvet gathered up at the summit of the crown into the fashionable "donkey's ears."

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

MARKET CONDITIONS.

DURING the last eight or ten days—as during the last eight or ten months—markets in general have been as dull as dull, and consequently the tendency of prices in nearly every section has been downwards. The prevailing sentiment, moreover, is undoubtedly bearish, although everyone admits that many stocks are really cheap. The Continent, and especially Paris, is the seat of the trouble, and the Balkan War still the cause thereof. The Paris Banks, as we have pointed out before, financed the belligerent States in return for Treasury Bills, and before very long they will try to sell those Bills to the Public in the form of Bulgarian, Servian, and other loans. Everything that is possible will be done to make these loans a success, because the Banks want the money themselves. The big French Government loan has not yet appeared, but cannot be delayed much longer; and we also hear tales of Italian paper waiting to be placed with the public.

In this country underwriters have been deluged with stock until they are "full up," and, furthermore, they know that there are many more loans waiting to be launched as soon as can be. During the last two or three years a great deal of financing has been done by means of short-dated bonds in the hope of money becoming cheaper. The opposite has been the case, but the notes fall due all the same, and provision has to be made for their redemption. Many American Railways have made use of this method of financing, and the total falling due next year will reach an enormous sum.

All these various factors have combined to depress the markets, and it seems to us that time alone can put things right. Any further serious fall appears out of the question, but we fear much patience and much care will be required before the Stock Exchange can declare that "their ship is at the harbour mouth" and "signal full steam ahead!"

In connection with this subject the following extract from the chairman's speech at the meeting of the Standard Bank of South Africa may be of interest. After urging the necessity for caution, Lord Welby continued: "The demand for capital in order to develop enterprise throughout the world has increased, and is increasing, at an unparalleled rate. . . . If we take the three great Dominions of the Empire, loans which averaged £29,000,000 during the first nine months of 1911-12, rose to £51,000,000 during the same period of 1913. The same story applies to the world generally, and the question arises: Is not the world attempting too much at one time? Is it not incurring engagements beyond its means—engagements, therefore, that may lead to financial trouble? The supply of capital is not unlimited, and it cannot be too often repeated that the savings of the world alone provide the capital needed for the development of the world, and it is more than doubtful whether those savings are keeping pace with the demands upon them. . . . These considerations should enjoin on Banks generally, at the present time, a policy of caution."

CUBAN CENTRAL RAILWAYS.

As long ago as April we ventured to prophesy that this Company would be able to distribute 3 per cent. on the Ordinary £10 shares in respect of the year ending June 30, and in the Report just issued this estimate is fulfilled.

As a matter of fact, the directors could have distributed considerably more, but they decided, and we think wisely, to conserve the greater part of the increased earnings.

The accounts show that the gross receipts increased by nearly 24 per cent.; while the working profit, at £206,100, amounted to £58,800 more than during the previous twelve months. The increased dividend on the Ordinary shares calls for only £9000 of this sum, and the Debenture interest, owing to the issue of £350,000 5 per cent. Debentures last year, requires £20,800 a year more. The remainder of the increased sum available (practically £20,000) has been placed to the various reserve funds: £5000 to general reserve, £9000 to renewal and casualty fund, £7000 to permanent way suspense account, and so on.

Altogether the Company had a really record year; traffics, profits, and dividend are all the best in the history of the Company.

As we pointed out last week, when dealing with the outlook for the United Railways of Havana, much depends upon the weather during the next few months; but, if all goes well, it is expected that the sugar crop will turn out about equal to the last one. The importance of this crop to the Cuban Central Company can best be judged from the fact that last year 2,181,000 tons of sugar were handled by this Company, and provided no less than 83 per cent. of the aggregate freight carried.

The shares have risen to 5 1-8, at which price they seem fairly valued in view of the risks; but provided the weather is kind, shareholders can, we think, look forward to another prosperous year.

THE AERATED BREAD COMPANY.

We are very pleased to see that the improvement in the market quotation for the shares of this Company is justified by the results shown in the Report.

The gross profit during the year to Sept. 27 amounted to £77,000, as compared with £56,500 in 1911-12. Before arriving at the profit, the directors have written off £8000 for depreciation of property, plant, leaseholds, etc., which stood in the books at £191,000. We hope the directors will increase the amount so allocated when the next accounts are made up, but it is, perhaps, hardly fair to complain, as £31,263 is carried forward in view of the contemplated alterations and improvements at the Bakery and depots.

A final dividend of 4s. per share is recommended, which, with the interim distribution already made, brings the total for the year up to 27½ per cent., against 25 per cent. a year ago.

Now that the fear of excessive competition has been removed by the arrangement made with Messrs. Lyons and others, we are inclined to view the future much more cheerfully.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Order, order, gentlemen!" said the clerk. "I do wish you would stop making a noise and try to talk sense—for a change."

"Why the gratuitous insult?" asked the Rubber expert.

"The last of your conversations which found its way into print wasn't up to sample. A friend told me that it had no tips, no facts, and no point!"

"Sad, but very true," murmured the voice of the still-more-senior partner from the corner. "I was away, wasn't I?"

"So you were," said the clerk. "That explains it all. If you could scintillate a little or oblige with a few quips——"

"I thought it was tips you wanted, not quips, my lad."

"Anything will do."

"Well, buy Kuala Selangors."

The Rubber expert gave an inarticulate gurgle and upset his ink; the senior partner looked more pained than surprised; and only the clerk remained sufficiently calm to ejaculate, "Buy a Rubber share!"

"Why not? Rubber's all right. Tons and tons are sold and paid for every week, and some of the Companies can do very well with rubber at 2s.—"

"Although most of them can't"—this from the clerk.

"Admitted. But I said, buy Kuala Selangors—not Rubber shares in general; very few of them are worth their present price, but some of them are worth more."

"For this great tip, much thanks."

"It's all very well to laugh, but if you get someone to work out the figures—unless you can do it for yourself—you will find that you are sure of a good return on your money without relying on the efforts of a central selling agency to raise the price."

"Haven't you got some Underground Income Debentures?" inquired the senior partner of the last speaker.

"Even so, friend, and they cost me 94."

"Would it not be wise," continued the senior partner, "to sell those Bonds at about 90 and buy fifty New Central Omnibus shares for each Bond sold? If you allow for the £3 cash dividend on the Omnibus shares, you will find the cost about the same, and you get a bonus of 'A' shares for nothing."

"Sounds all right," was the reply. "I'll just have to work it out myself."

The clerk had sent out for a newspaper, and at this moment the boy brought it in. "Listen to this," he said. "'One thousand one hundred million pounds. What it would cost to buy the Railways. Gigantic—'"

"All the shares are down," said the senior partner nervously. "I wish I had sold mine—"

"You needn't worry your head about it yet. It'll take the Commission about two years to come to any conclusion, and it isn't at all certain that they will decide in favour of nationalisation."

"But if they did?"

"It'd be devilish bad for the public, I believe, but the shareholders would be all right."

"Most of 'em would," agreed the still-more-senior partner; "but what about junior stocks, like Little Chathams, Great Central Deferred, and so on? How are they to be valued?"

"You can't call present market values exactly inflated," replied the clerk; "so, if the worst came to the worst, shareholders would probably get as much as by selling now."

"You think nationalisation would be a good thing, then?" said the senior partner.

"No, I don't," was the reply; "but I don't think shareholders would suffer. On the other hand, England ought to be a lovely place a little later on—no pheasants, only mangold-wurzels; every railway porter a Government official getting a rise in wages at election time; free food, free medicine, and free travelling for the workers. And all, believe me, done by taxation."

CURRENT TOPICS.

For more than a year we have consistently advocated the sale of all things Mexican, and we have refused to believe in the carefully prepared accounts of an improvement in the position which

[Continued on page 128.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Nut and the
Cracker.

Where did they come from?—how have they been evolved? Many people ask these questions about the young men with cherry-coloured or turquoise-blue socks, suits pretentious and vulgar, ties resplendent, gloves and shoes of the shoddy sort beloved by youths who, not being gentlemen, aspire to be gentleman-like. And whence came the young women whose stockings are so transparent as to suggest bare feet; whose toes are pointed, heels high, and leather shiny; whose neck-openings are expansive; and who invariably at this season bring out their furs, sadly suggestive of deceased domestic cats or bunnies which have been consumed in family conclave, but which now masquerade as squirrel or musquash? A man friend told me the other day that the youths were "nuts," and the girls "crackers"; and that they were the output from board-schools of the sons and daughters of manual labourers and of work-by-the-day women. Well, it seemed at first thought creditable of them to have got so far. However, he said—and he is a student of

TO MARRY MR. NAPIER CHARLES GORDON CAMERON: MISS CONSTANCE GERALDINE BROOKE.

Miss Brooke is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Harry Vesey Brooke, of Fairley, Countesswells, Aberdeenshire, and granddaughter of the late Sir Arthur Brinsley Brooke, Bt. Mr. Cameron, who is in the Cameron Highlanders, is a son of the late General Sir Gordon Cameron, G.C.B.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

human nature—they were the shoddiest thing ever placed on the labour market. The girls were machines to manipulate typewriters or to add up figures. They had no minds above monkey mimicry of what they thought were ladies; and the youths had in miniature the vices of the men-about-town they so grotesquely aped, and were useless in business and conscienceless in their pursuit of cheap pleasures. Their manners were nil and their customs disgusting, and yet they are the latest product of the educational system that is to be so vastly extended. The boys would have been so useful as workers at trades, and the girls as domestic servants, in which capacities they would have made the legitimate advance from the positions in which they were born. Our educational system is wrong, being all on the top, superficial, and no ballast in it; one day it will turn turtle, and then there will be a mess!

A Surprise.

We use a thing every day as a habit, and think no more about it. Our morning and evening mouth-bath of Odol and the brushing of our teeth therewith are as inevitable as our breakfast and dinner. A brochure just issued by the Odol Company came into my hands the other day, and was a surprise. Why, the factories for Odol are the largest of their kind in the world, and the plant used the most up-to-date. Conditions in the making of Odol are hygienically perfect. This booklet makes interesting and instructive reading, and it will be sent free on application to the Odol Company, Park Street, S.E. Using the refreshing and antiseptic preparation, we form no idea of the amount of labour and the scientific processes necessary for the production of a bottle of Odol. There are a number of photographs in the book, proving the enormous and world-wide use of this much-valued preparation. "A World-Famous Enterprise"

is the name of the booklet, and it is of real interest.

For Mothers. Not for collectors of moths this time, but for proprietresses of babies. We all know the story of the youngsters bitten by moth-collecting mania who invested a rarely come-by shilling on a "Book for Mothers," only to find that it was all about babies. This one is called "The Baby," so that there is no risk of confusion, and it is issued by Savory and Moore, and is absolutely authoritative. It gives the right kind of food, the quantities, the preparation; the weight, height, and muscular development that healthy infants should show; and there are most valuable directions as to teething, exercise, and how to proceed in cases of children's illnesses, together with valuable recipes for food and drinks. The booklet will be sent to anyone asking for it on a postcard addressed to Savory and Moore, 143, New Bond Street, W.

Variegated Hair.

"For Johnnie to bring me a bit of brown ribbon to tie up my bonnie blue hair!"

would be no such mistake nowadays as it was when sung by a queen of song some years ago, to her own consternation and the intense amusement of her audience. Women are to wear hair the colour of their dresses. If they have not sufficient confidence in the continuance of the fashion to dye their own hair, then they must wear wigs. Indeed, this seems the only plan, since no woman will care to confine herself to one colour. Purple hair one day, blue another, and scarlet a third, will make the recognition of one's friends a trifle difficult. It will, however, be no worse than when an old and valued friend whom you strongly suspect to have dyed gets almost past you in the street one day, and you suddenly see recognition in his eye, and exclaim, with more abandonment than discretion: "What on earth has happened?" for his hair and moustache are white as snow, although, after your remark, his face isn't white!

Beads. There is a great vogue in beads; they are used for embroideries, fringes, girdles, and all sorts of things in dress. Lady members of our Royal Family have always shown a great partiality for beads, especially of that variety called, for no particular reason, bugles! Time was when sequins took their place, but now beads are back again in full possession, and such sequins as are used bear

a stronger resemblance to beads than to scales. Dresses worn at the royal wedding were very beady—one or two were, indeed, almost covered with bead-embroidery. Experts on the subject of beauty in dress are inclined to deprecate this fashion, but changes we must have, and to me it seems a good kind of change in its way. Beads and feathers may savour of Indian chiefs—the squaws, be it remembered, had no such finery—but there are few things in dress that do not trace back to primitive woman so soon as fig-leaves were found to be insufficient protection for the climate outside Paradise. We are very far outside Paradise now, and dress is a complex affair; it has to be so many things more than a covering! Beads are bright, and the new kinds are very fascinating, even if, in the words of Quex's knowledgeable friend, they are not alluring, as softer and more seductive embroideries are.



MARRIED RECENTLY TO CAPTAIN R. H. BRUDENELL-BRUCE: MRS. BRUDENELL-BRUCE, FORMERLY MISS OLIVE VERA RICHARDSON.

Mrs. R. H. Brudenell-Bruce is the elder daughter of Mr. Charles Richardson, J.P., and Mrs. Richardson, of Cedar Hurst, County Down. Captain Brudenell-Bruce is the younger son of the late Lord Robert Brudenell-Bruce, a son of the third Marquess of Ailesbury. The wedding took place at Lambeg, County Antrim.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE WEDDING OF COLONEL JOHN VAUGHAN, D.S.O., AND MRS. HAROLD P. WARDELL: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.

Colonel John Vaughan is Commandant of the Cavalry School at Netheravon. His best man was Major the Hon. William Cadogan, Equerry to the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Vaughan is the widow of the late Mr. Harold P. Wardell, of Brynfern, Newbridge-on-Wye, and daughter of the late Colonel Stewart, of Altyrodyne, Cardiganshire.—[Photograph by C.N.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS H. TALBOT: MISS DOROTHY ROYLANCE COURT.

Miss Dorothy Roylance Court is the younger daughter of Mr. William Roylance Court, of Manor House, Middlewich, Cheshire. Her mother is a daughter of the late Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bt. Captain Talbot, of the 17th Lancers, is the elder son of Mr. Hervey Talbot, of Aston Lodge, Aston, Cheshire.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO LADY EVA CHOLMONDELEY: MR. HARRY F. DE PARAVICINI.

Mr. Harry Farquhar de Paravicini, who was born in 1859, is a son of Mr. James Prior de Paravicini, of Datchet. Lady Eva Cholmondeley is the youngest sister of the Marquess of Cholmondeley. Her eldest sister, Lady Marcia, is the wife of Mr. Percy J. de Paravicini. We give a page portrait elsewhere.

Photograph by Sarony.

Continued from page 126.]

have been circulated from time to time. At present we cannot see the slightest reason for changing our opinion that it is most unwise to continue to hold Mexican securities. At the present moment the rate of exchange is so low that all those concerns which have to remit money to Europe are losing heavily. The future is far from promising, and at the moment of writing it looks as though America will intervene, and then the fun will begin. We imagine the Yankees will find they are up against a stiff proposition, but that only makes the position of Mexican securities so much the worse.

* * * * *

Much more interest has been taken in the market for Motor shares of late. Probably the coming Motor Show has stimulated interest. Darracqs have been bought partly upon hopes of the coming Report, and partly, we understand, because the 1914 models are considered to be exceptionally fine. At 26s., however, a good year would be largely discounted. The Sunbeam Report was magnificent, as are the cars they turn out. It is quite possible that prices in this market will go yet higher, but purchasers must realise that it is a speculative business, and only a high return can make the shares attractive.

* * * * *

A fortnight ago we recommended a purchase of North Caucasian Oil shares, at 27s., and readers who followed our advice have done well. The weekly output figures have not yet shown the expected increase, but that will come before very long, and we therefore see no reason to sell at present. On the other hand, we repeat our warning that more conservative methods of finance will probably affect the distribution.

* * * * *

Before any shareholder in the Union Cold Storage Company agrees to the directors' scheme for increasing the capital, he would do well to read Mr. Radcliffe's article in the current issue of the *Stockbroker*. His comments have rarely been more to the point (or more caustic!). He characterises the scheme as "the hottest thing he has ever struck," and it certainly is a trifle sultry.

* * * * *

The official denial of the rumours that Premier Pipes are going to reconstruct leaves us unconvinced. The details may have been inaccurate, but the fact remains that reconstruction, with or without an assessment, is inevitable before very long.

Saturday, Oct. 25, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A. W. (Birmingham).—We must confess we do not care for either of the shares about which you inquire, but we understand both Companies are doing well at present; so you can hold on a bit longer. Take a profit in either case—or even your money back.

"GRAN."—You can hold safely. The Preference stock gets 6 per cent., the Bonds 5 per cent. Hence the difference in quotation.

HETTY.—Indeed not. Far from making a profit, you would not even see your own back!

SUTLEJ.—(1) Sell at once. (2) A poor holding.

OASIS.—We should not care to advise anyone to gamble in low-priced Oil shares. Nos. 3 and 4 are the worst on your list, and if you will do it, then 7 or 1 are the least dangerous.

THE ASSOCIATED COAL CONSUMERS, LTD.—The annual meeting of this Company was held recently at the Restaurant Frascati. Lieutenant-Colonel C. Du Pre Penton Powney, J.P., the chairman, said the initial expenses for the first three years had been on a minor scale, considering what had been accomplished. The business had shown an annual turn-over which each year represented an increase of 100 per cent., and the prospects for the coming year were even better. Members of the association saved from 2s. to 5s a ton on their purchases of coal through the society, and the highest possible quality was guaranteed. Membership of the association cost merely half-a-guinea. Mr. F. Montague-Smith, Managing Director, who seconded the motion, said the board intended to stop the allotment of shares at the end of this year, and after that only life-membership would be granted.

The fifteenth Annual Report of the City Life Assurance Company revealed an entirely satisfactory state of affairs, the Preference shareholders receiving a 5 per cent. bonus on their shares in addition to their 5 per cent. dividend, and the Deferred shareholders receiving 20 per cent. The quinquennial valuation showed a surplus in the assurance funds amounting to £47,473. £10,000 of this sum was utilised to reduce the purchase and expenses account, and bonuses were allocated to policy and certificate holders.

The Report of the Sunbeam Motor Car Company for the year ending Aug. 31 shows a profit of £94,909, which enables the directors to pay 33 1/3 per cent. free of income tax upon the Ordinary shares, to place £44,000 to reserve and bonus accounts, and carry forward £15,667. The balance-sheet reveals a wonderfully strong position, goodwill having been entirely eliminated.

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BLOUSE (*as sketch*), in coloured silk tulle, mounted on palest pink chiffon, with kilted fichu of net and gold lace over shoulders and contrasting coloured ribbon round the figure. In black, navy, and a large range of colourings.

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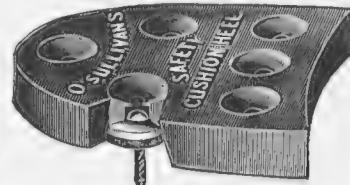
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100 Miles	..	Speed	107·93	M.P.H.
150 Miles	..	Speed	105·57	M.P.H.
One Hour	..	Distance	107·95	Miles.
Ten Laps	..	Speed	110·03	M.P.H.

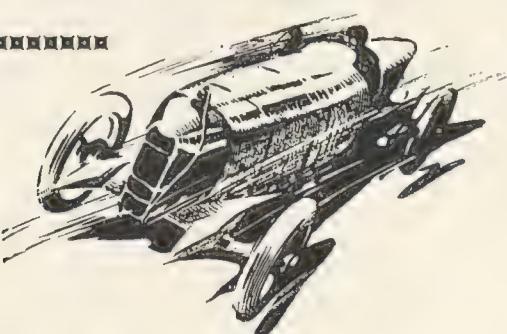
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INTERESTING
LETTER
from the late
**CAPTAIN
SCOTT.**

Winter Quarters,
October 20th, 1911.

Dear Sirs,
I am glad to inform you that
the Candles you supplied to this
expedition have proved quite satis-
factory. They have been extensively
used in the hut and by sledge
parties. You will be interested to
learn that they burn satisfactorily
at 70 Fahrenheit below zero.

Yours faithfully,
R. SCOTT.

Price's Patent Candle,
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Battersea.

PRICE'S CANDLES

are produced to meet the varying demands
of the world which, of course, include
candles to burn in the hottest climates as well
as in the extreme cold of the frigid zones.

The Best Candles for Dining and Drawing Room use are

GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE CANDLES
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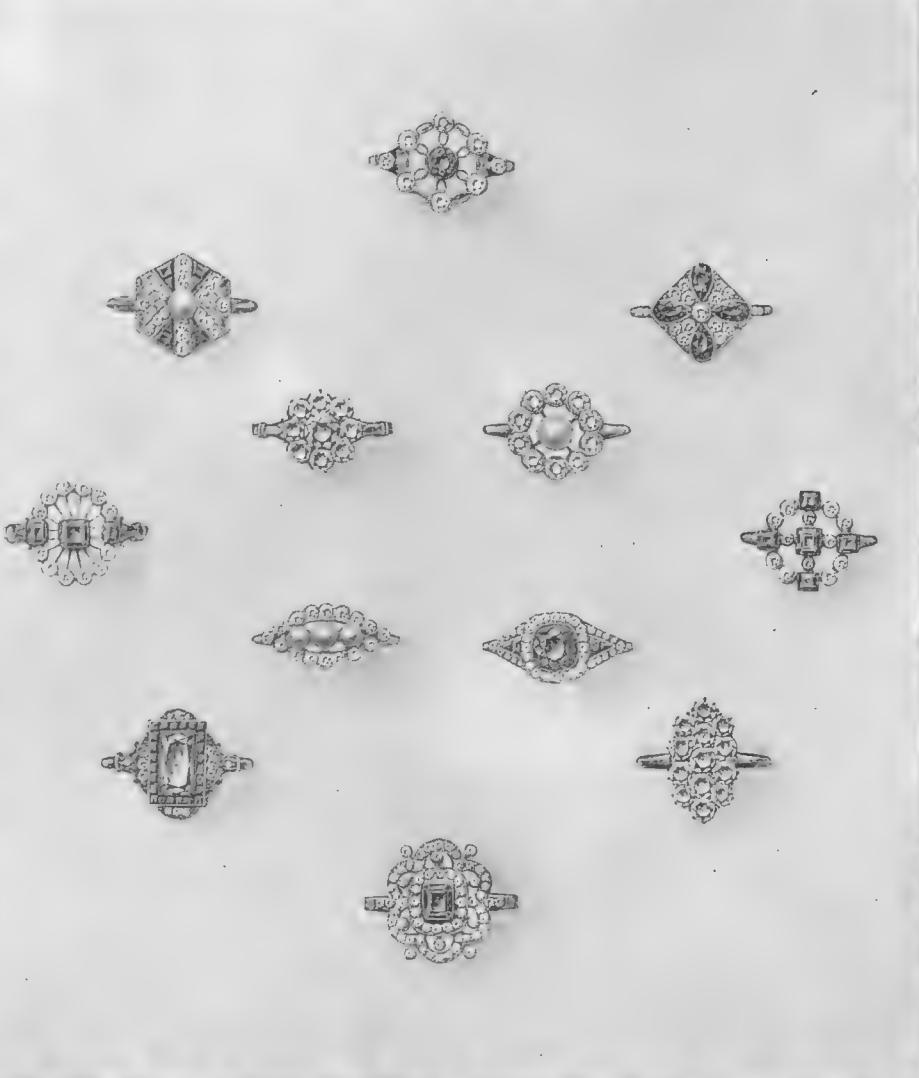
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are the very apex of smoking pleasure. You will find them smoked by men of judgment and taste—men who are only satisfied with the best—those who appreciate delicacy, mildness and coolness. Try them and judge for yourself.

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GEORGE IV.

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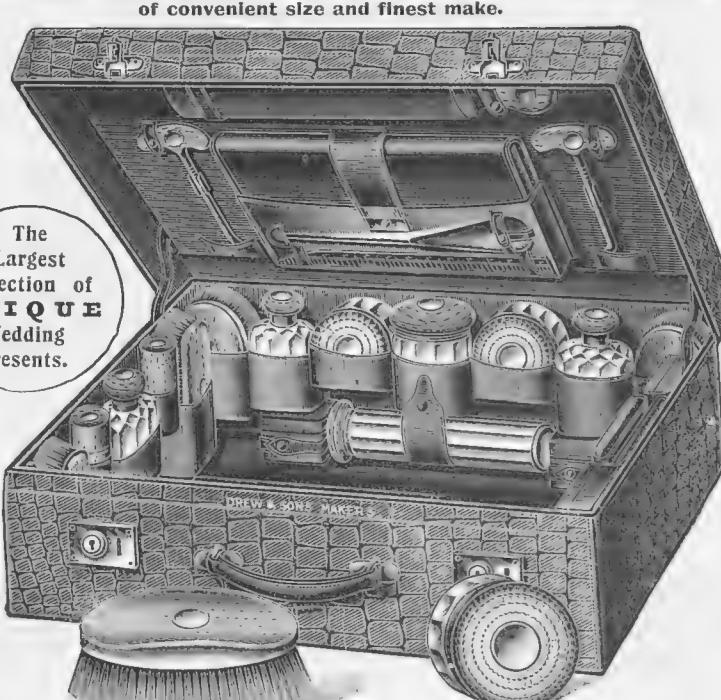
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THE PREVENTION AND THE AMELIORATION OF DEAFNESS: A NEW DEVICE.



AN INSTRUMENT DESIGNED TO ACT DIRECTLY UPON THE BASILAR MEMBRANE, AND SO INCREASE THE AMOUNT OF HEARING:
THE SOUND-EDUCATOR.

A recent description of a remarkably interesting instrument produced by the National Society for the Prevention and Amelioration of Deafness, and demonstrated by Mr. E. Thorp Hincks, read: "By means of this invention it has been found that there are 3500 different grades of hearing, and that anyone with normal hearing using it can hear distinctly, for example, the dropping of a small paper wafer on to a table or the stroking of a piece of paper by the finger, which produces a wavy, hissing sound. It is claimed that, on finding out with the machine the actual degree of hearing of any person, a receiver can be made which will give perfect hearing to any, save one born deaf. This instrument is now being adopted by aurists throughout the world, and the Australian Government are contemplating installing it in their hospitals." At the same time it was said of the Sound-Educator (here illustrated): "The Sound-Educator acts directly upon the basilar membrane, the part of the ear where the accommodation of sound takes place, and increases the vibrational range, and so the amount of hearing. A delightful feature of Sound-Education is that in cases suitable for re-education an immediate improvement takes place after the first practice. These small improvements accumulate as the re-education is continued, and the improvement in the hearing gradually increases. There are very few cases which do not respond to some extent to Sound-Education. Sound-Education was made

the feature of the Medical Congress held this year, and the instrument resulting from this theory is in use by most of the London aurists. The apparatus is also now being tested for use at the London Hospitals. Sound-Education was an English invention, and has been copied extensively on the Continent, chiefly in France." The case of Miss Walton is described as follows: "Miss Walton was born deaf, and up to a month ago had never heard any sound whatever. The ears have been 'sound-educated' so that all words can be heard and repeated correctly. Miss Walton's chief pleasure at the present time is to listen to music on the phonograph. A special school is being started by the National Association for the Prevention and Amelioration of Deafness to teach children who are supposed to be stone deaf to speak and hear. There are now over 20,000 children whose deafness is similar to what Miss Walton's was, and it is believed that the greater part of these can be 'sound-educated.' There is also, by the way, a receiver which can be hidden under a tie, the sound being transmitted to the ear along a practically invisible wire. It is said that with the aid of this device an aurist will now be able to fit a deaf person with 'hearers' much as an oculist fits a person of defective sight with eyeglasses. The address of the National Association for the Prevention and Amelioration of Deafness is 7, Clanricarde Gardens, W."



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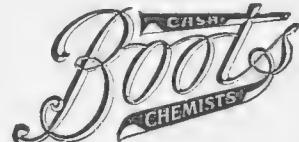
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Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, dispels many popular illusions and upsets all previous theories regarding rapid development of the bust.

Why costly advertised methods fail.

How any woman may now develop her bust at least six inches in thirty days without exercises, massage, prescriptions, apparatus, or any similar expensive, inconvenient, and harmful methods.

The simple home method used by the women of Vienna fully explained below for the benefit of Sketch Readers.

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the proud possessor of face and neck with full and softly rounded contour, her bust has been developed six inches, until it is perfectly firm and of exactly the right proportions, and her entire form has the symmetry and youthful grace of outline which excites the admiration and envy of every woman with an angular, masculine figure. A bustless and undeveloped woman always appears utterly lacking in the most essential attribute of feminine physical attractiveness, without which distinguishing feature she appears to be incomplete. But at last there has been discovered a means whereby any woman

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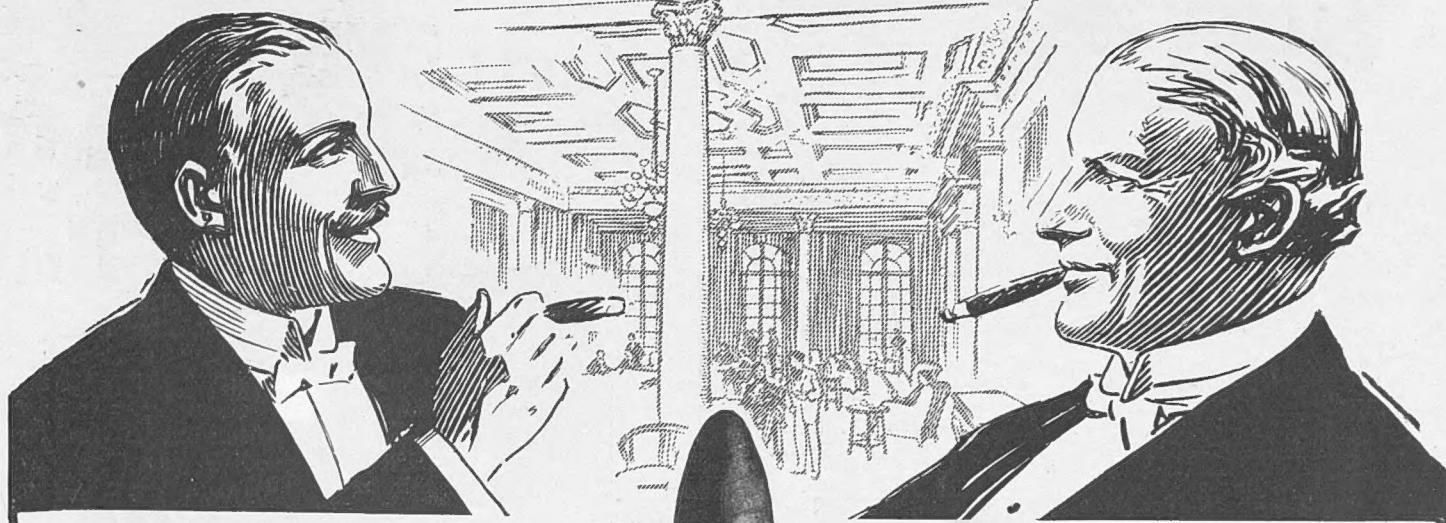
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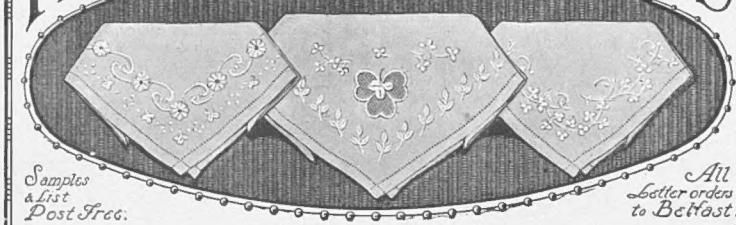
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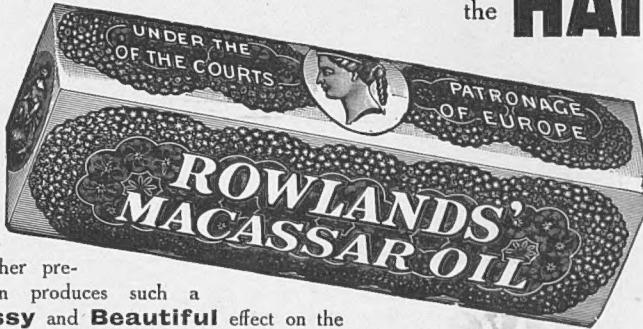
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Plain Mahogany	45/-
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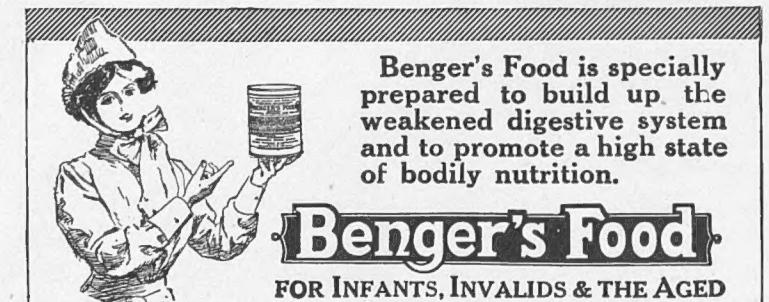
Can be made in any other woods to match other furniture. If you cannot call, we will gladly send you full particulars with illustrations. Please ask for pamphlet No. 6107

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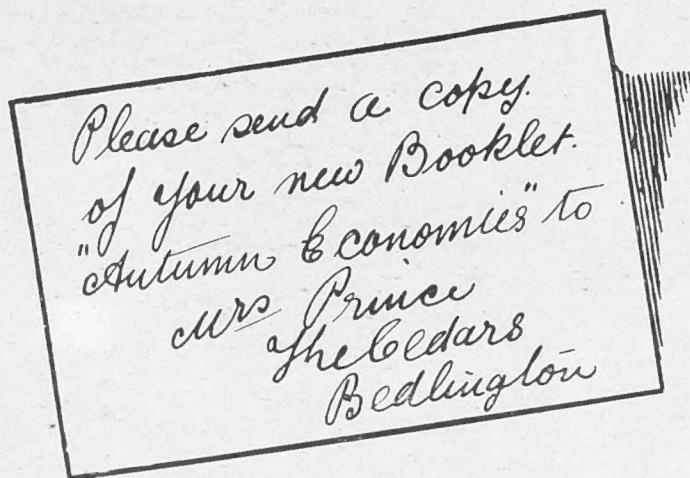
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